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# THE SOUL IN SUFFERING

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# The Soul in Suffering

## *A Practical Application of Spiritual Truths*

BY

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"The Mastery of Nervousness"

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TO THE BROTHER
WHO SPIRITUALIZED
THE SUFFERING OF SILENCE

# FOREWORD

The greatest privilege of the physician's work is his welcome into the intimacies of his patients' inner lives. Day and night the busy practitioner is in close touch with the souls of the sick. To him it is specially given to most clearly recognize the healthy soul with its sick body, the ill soul with its distressed body and the whole body with its ailing soul.

The following chapters have been written with a constructively sympathetic understanding of the soul-need which comes to the suffering.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The reality of suffering is for us all. Until we have felt the heaviness of its hand, its lighter touches seem intolerable. If its mission is to build character from sickness into timelessness, every word and thought and inspiration which can rob it of its repulsiveness, which can illuminate its darksome mystery, which can reveal its touch of love, is welcome. Religion and Medicine have stood too long on opposite sides of the couch of suffering, forgetting, one the body, the other, the spirit, and both, the mind.

The Soul in Suffering has grown out of many years spent in a realizing contact with illness of body, mind and soul. It essays to bring a step closer the practical benefits of the accuracies of medical science and the highest aspirations of our religion. It stands for medical ideals reaching out to Christian ideals, that one of the greatest problems of human existence—the problem of suffering, which through the ages has been so pitiably solved by the many—may be a bit more worthily met by all helpers of mankind.

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# THE SOUL IN SUFFERING

## CHAPTER I

### THE UNSEEN

*Things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.*

There are few tendencies in human nature more general than that toward superstition. Interesting and important anthropological studies of lower races and tribes are concerned with investigations of their belief in evil influences, fetishes, charms and wandering spirits. Even in civilized races the individual is rare who does not openly or covertly avow his faith in the influence of new moons, hooting owls, rabbit's feet or the curse of a dying ancestor. For the things that are unseen are of infinitely more portent and power than the things which are visible.

Experience testifies that the ability to observe accurately much which is tangible, is poorly developed in most of us, while the capacity to clearly interpret that which passes before our observation is even more rare. We attend a ball game and watch with thrilling senses the sure, forceful movements of the players. The pitcher's hands hang listlessly for a moment at his side, and all the fielders move to the right, or he stands with

arm akimbo and the same fielders slip to the left; the ball is pitched, the runner on third starts for home with apparently not one chance in fifty of being safe; there is a dull crack of the bat and the ball rolls but a few yards, the runner dashes home and a game is won! Why the movements of the fielders? Why the bold dash for the plate? Why the purposely impotent stroke of the bat? All because the game is being played by signals unseen by the thousands of onlookers who are blind to most of the niceties of inside baseball. No player to-day stays long in the Major Leagues who has not the keenness of sense which enables him to detect instantly any one of the many constantly changing signals by which each step of the game is ordered from the bench.

We visit our physician. We are not up to standard and feel the need of a going-over. Why does he flash the little light in our eyes? Why does he tap us here and there with his rubber hammer? What does he hear when he so professionally thumps our chests or listens through his little rubber instrument to the workings of the inside wheels? Yes, what does he hear? So much that would pass the attention of the rest of us unperceived; so much that tells him the difference between robust health and impending illness; so much that enables him to direct us wisely what to use, what to take or what to do; much, perchance, that tells him our working days are over, that the old ship is drifting toward the shoals.

We enter our neighbor's home and carelessly cross the hall rug. It is faded and a bit dingy.

How many of us can tell whether it is a piece of cheap tapestry or a precious, antique oriental into which, once upon a time, deft and patient fingers wove thread by thread through dreary months the sad tale or the glad tale of the family drama. Are we walking on some mechanically twisted and dyed threads representing only paltry dollars, or are our feet pressing the very heart throbs of a human soul?

Most of us have stood awed at the brink of Niagara. We have caught ourselves watching the play of the lacy froth draping as it does the thundering, murderous onrush into the seething caldron below. We peer into the abyss, feeling dangerously drawn to become part of that reckless tumult, for our identity is fairly annihilated by our relative insignificance. Even the abyss itself, shrouded as it ever is in the fleecy, cumulous cloud of golden-white water-dust, is made treacherously inviting. This, and more, most of us have seen as we stood beside this Giant of Nature. And yet, there was one—newlywed perchance, or certainly badly beau-stricken, who after a momentary silence in the presence of this majestic spectacle remarked to her companion: "Oh, ain't it cute?" Having eyes they see not; having ears they hear not. Even so with all of us, in some realm of the physical life, much passes unseen.

In the mental sphere of our being we find ourselves equally, if not more obtuse. Thousands of men have lived pinched lives, sacrificing even ordinary comforts, that they might teach the world the beauty, the inspiration, and the joys of art.

Hundreds of untouched volumes crowd library shelves, volumes which contain priceless descriptions of beauty and records of things artistic, and yet, how many of us to-day, looking at a picture, could locate the distant point or indicate the lines of perspective, or intelligently discuss the composition of a simple landscape? How few would venture, in the presence of an artist of known experience and ability, to express any opinion as to the quality or value of this or that painting! Indeed, how many of us could satisfy even our own uncritical selves as to whether sky and sea and tree and distant haze have been painted in proper tint and tone, or understandingly comment upon the naturalness or artificiality, the high lights or shadow lines so essential to the landscape's integrity? Even men whose life's work is devoted to portraying line and color accurately, often fail to see much that exists. I know well an artist who never paints the sunshine. His shadows are deep and rich and beautiful, but his pictures know not the gold of the sun. To him one of the most glorious of nature's colors is unseen.

When music whispers to the ear of our understanding are we more observant? I fear not, for to-day our land is fairly alive with music-machines whose worn records rasp and creak and squeak and scrape, and we call it music! Pianos out of tune capable of inflicting only pain upon the trained ear are thumped and banged the live-long day, a hideous offering to the God of Music. Many years ago a child learned her notes from an old spinet, one string of which was untrue. She

became a great singer, a world-famed singer, but one tone in her register was ever imperfect. Parents and early teachers had failed to note the defective spinet-string and an otherwise perfect voice was marred. To enjoy music, the majority of us must feel the rythmic, moving throb of the tempo, the air must be "catchy," easily followed, often repeated, frankly keeping step with the accompaniment. But for such hearers the great treasury of the world's best music is closed. They have not ears that sense the subtle themes which, as threads of charm, weave in and out, revealed now and hidden anon, forming a pattern as softly, delicately and intricately beautiful as the finest hand-wrought tapestry. Hearing we understand not! And we stretch and yawn or more considerately keep respectfully silent, even when life's most thrilling beauties are vibrating in our presence.

We have lived thoughtlessly many years, eating and drinking, working and playing as we pleased. We gradually become conscious of a heaviness in the base of the brain, our thoughts become errant, they do not, as formerly, keenly reflect the ebb and flow of our surroundings. We find ourselves from time to time in a bog of apprehension. We grow irritable, impatient and unreasonable; in fact, we are nervously "breaking down." "Brace up, old man, you look blue; come in and have a drink and forget it." We have not been using this stuff, but we certainly do feel braced up, and before we realize it, reason and judgment, and even decency, have gone by the board, routed by

the seductions of alcohol. Or we invite more sure and rapid demoralization by resorting to the drug which gives artificial rest. We call ourselves intelligent, but we are failing to see a fundamental truth, a law as unchangeable as that of the Medes and Persians. Man cannot be uninterruptedly at ease; comfort must be sacrificed at times for future well-being. The drink and the "dope" are but blindly pushing back the evil day of reckoning and intensifying the power of its destructive grip upon our future. It is difficult for one so suffering to see that the quickest and most certain way back to wholeness is to will an unquestioning surrender of the habits and indulgencies which carried him away from Nature's law of living, for the early defect in all perverting habits is an inadequate knowledge, not an impotent will. It is difficult indeed to understand that for some days or weeks one must suffer even more acutely, even as one who has fallen down the declivity must struggle with special effort again to reach the highway. In art, in music, in health, and indeed in all that is worth experiencing in life, the greatest joys and successes are those which are rooted well below the surface where the unseen is sought and found and understood.

But there are truths which are higher than those revealed by the intellect. The ultimate expression of the unseen is what we speak of as the spiritual. On the battle fronts of France no name was held in greater reverence than that of plain, rugged, self-taught Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln's intellect was clear, his judgment excellent, his understand-

ing as perfect as is humanly possible; but it is not for these attributes that he is revered. Lincoln saw not only with the eye of the body, and the eye of the mind, but with the eye of the soul. The future of a great nation hung in the balance; the armed hosts of Blue and Gray faced each other, ever watching with eager intensity for any possible flaw in organization whereby advantage could be secured. The boy was but eighteen years old. Marches had been long and rest inadequate. He was found asleep on sentry duty. "Death" was the sentence of the Court Martial, Justice said "Even so," the army leaders nodded assent, and the army itself realized that its safety demanded their comrade's execution for this vital fault. The widowed mother secured an audience with Lincoln. She had little to say; there was nothing she could say to rebut the facts, to question the right of officers and army to demand this essential protection. Her garb was poor, her face plain, her eyes weary and faded. But she was a mother! And when she said: "Oh, Mr. President, he is my son, my only son," and the mother's tears welled up in the weary eyes, the heart of that great man saw her pain and anguish and need, and he reprieved her boy. The eye of his soul saw further than reason could see, for Lincoln knew that the rights of love are higher than the rights of man's justice. He saw the other side of the question—the nation, the army, the critical judges on the one hand, the obscure and friendless woman on the other, justice demanding death and mother-love pleading for life. He saw both sides

and considered the rights of the lone woman higher than army regulations. For such vision we have been given souls that we might see the other side of each experience. There is the long disabling and disheartening illness. With occupation gone, our capacity for pleasure curtailed, with suffering of body and inadequacy of mind, we are tempted to slip into despair. We are tempted to surrender to every mood and whim and to cast the shadow of our discomfort over all whom we meet. "You have certainly too much to bear," the logic of our mind will say. "Take the easiest way; your lot is miserable enough at best." But the soul brings another message as it warns, "You are making an enemy of your illness; why not seek its friendship? When have you ever had so many hours free to cultivate consideration of others? When so many opportunities to exercise cheerfulness and patience? When again will you have so much time at your disposal to devise kindly plans for family, friends, servants or neighbors?" The soul sees the unseen as the mind's eye never can, and the council of its love leaves in our hearts only a record of joy as the result of such days of illness.

We moan and groan and sprinkle ashes upon our devout heads and rail at the powers that be when the so-called inevitable "loss" comes upon us. It may be our protector, or friendship, or reputation; it may be mother, or child, or the life-long partner who is taken, and our mind cries out in bitterness; but the soul says: "Nay, this is not irretrievable loss; the only loss which cannot bear also a bless-

ing is the death of love, or trust, or faith." Mother may be gone, but her memory stays to hallow; the memories of her sacrifices, of the love which only mother can give—these stay to inspire the best life can bring, if faith and trust are there to help. The other side of the experience does not mean calling the bad "good," but the finding of the good which is always associated with the bad. Let us remember that heaven itself is coined by each of us in our use of life's vicissitudes, a use which in one nature makes a hell, in another creates a heaven.

Easter Day returns year after year, the day on which generations have united in rejoicing in that event which changed the tides of human relationship twenty centuries ago. To such as so believe, it stands for the certainty of life after death, an irrefutable evidence of the power of the unseen over the grave itself. What do we see in Easter to-day? The one who uses only the eyes physical has reveled in the parade of new frocks and Easter's crop of colorful bonnets. Another has quite forgotten these in the inspiration of the Easter music and his senses have been fairly transported by its exultant pæans. But has either of these seen the Easter message, that message of the re-birth, that message of the death of the physical that the spiritual might the more perfectly live, the spiritual which is our only true possession, the spiritual which rings down through the ages in tales of courage, in lives of loyalty, in sacrifices untold for honor and home and country.

The use of that which we handle and taste and

see reduces the very things so utilized, but courage and loyalty and honor and righteousness and all the virtues of the unseen are alone the elements of life which multiply by the using. To-day it is for us to realize more perfectly than ever before that we shall never see life aright until we experience that re-birth which teaches us not only to see aright and to understand aright, but which gives that joy of joys, the ability to feel right. The religion is indeed empty which does not conquer and ultimately triumph over suffering, bereavement and misfortune. When a human heart cries out for that help which man cannot give, when it looks upward for help and strength from the Invisible, it matters little what name is called upon so there is a reaching for the best; and no soul ever so aspires, no soul with genuine honesty, forgetting selfishness and seeking only the wholeness of life, so appeals, but finds help from the great and powerful Unseen. To the Christian, Christ stands for as much God as humanity can contain. The true Christian, inspired by this perfect life, has known the miracle of re-birth; and in all the multiplied richnesses of human existence, in the wealth which can gratify every sense, in this life in which the intellect can revel through the entire space of three score and ten, there is no experience which can equal the soul's Easter—that mystery of the Unseen which changes life from restless discord into triumphant harmony with the Infinite.

## CHAPTER II

### THE TEMPORAL

*All flesh is as grass.*

Who has so poorly known the fulness of physical life as to have missed the drowse and thrill of a perfect spring day? How at one the body is with the skipping lambs, frisking calves, and caroling songsters! Physically wretched, indeed, is he who has not known multiplied hours of the sheer goodness of physical living. Wise teachers insist that this capacity for feeling gladness of heart, nerve, muscle and bone-marrow may be preserved throughout the allotted threescore and ten if we but know the secret, and knowing the secret, honor the law. But all too much of the goodness of the life of the body is a mere happen-so, for ignorance of the laws of body-care is profound, and even when recognized, the strength of character essential to their execution is most commonly lacking.

Given his span of days in the midst of life profound, and of life beautiful, the average human fails miserably in the great business of living. His stomach calls; in his weakness or ignorance he fills, he satisfies, he satiates; and crowded stomachs hasten the crowding of the cemeteries. His

mind aspires, and he scurries hither and thither, peering into every nook and book, reading, studying, supposedly learning, too often surfeiting and palsying his superb mental powers with heterogeneous conglomerations, unharmonized and incoordinated. And crowded minds are crowding sanitariums and asylums. The rural life is simple; the rural days are long and the nights short. The farm is a community in itself with its work never done. Glitter, tinsel and glamour are found in the cities. Hours of work are shorter and nights are long for pleasure. All of this appeals to the youth of the land whom now the simple life of the farm fails to satisfy. And he crowds himself in with his fellow-man to make the cities—the cities with their sweatshops, their dives, their slums, their countless acres of unwholesome tenements where the hundreds stifle and degenerate and disintegrate, while only the masterful few rise to the heights. Thus man in his ignorance misuses the possible good until it becomes untellable evil.

Superb have been the results of the linking of the human mind with Nature's powers; but only through the fulness of understanding has man made these powers safe. Nature offers the feast but remains uncompromisingly indifferent as to what its misuse will do to human life. King or pope, philosopher or multimillionaire—regardless of station, temporal power, or philosophic erudition—submerged beneath the surface of the sea for a few minutes, becomes an inert, insensate remnant. Fire disfigures, maims or destroys the

just and the unjust, the brute and the beauty. A few days without food—and it is the same with giant and with pigmy. Nature is equally indifferent to lives, regardless of their apparent value. Man ever pays the penalty of ignoring the physical law. The miracles of to-day are the miracles of understanding, are the miracles of perfect co-operation of mind with the laws of matter.

In the fulness of youthful strength how prone we are to feel a very eternity of life coursing through our veins! How strong the temptation to ignore restraining counsel; how keen the intensity of reckless indulgence; and how easy to slip into habitual indulgence! Yet even in the power of his strength how truly insignificant is physical man! An unperceived abrasion, the entrance of a few germs almost too microscopic to be detected, a few days of hapless struggle—and the vaunted strength is no more. The master athlete of them all, tossed overboard in mid-sea, manfully battles the mounting billows for a short hour. It would seem that Nature but makes a jest of his superb physique.

He had been most troublesome, this burly Irish corporal, quick of temper, quick of retort, quick of fist. "Capable but troublesome" kept him alike from the private's berth and from the sergeant's stripes. A group of officers was passing through the trenches when a German grenade dropped in their midst. Death hung imminent over all. With a spring the corporal landed, full-breasted, on the messenger of destruction, and what fragments passed through his body fell inert

and harmless to the others. Patriotism, loyalty, self-sacrifice, practical Christianity, these and the Irishman's other virtues are immortal; but his body, torn and riddled, was, like all flesh, but as grass.

Life soon ebbs away in the absence of food. We live because we have a most marvelous digestive apparatus. Man is not affected by a few days' absence of any one food, for he can subsist on countless dishes. He can adjust himself to tallow candles and whale blubber in the far north —and history writes of feasts of nightingale's tongues. Less than 15 degrees may the temperature of his blood vary, higher or lower, and he is no more. In this nervous system is the most delicate of thermostats, through which the body temperature is regulated to an almost unchangeable nicety, be he at the frigid poles, or exploring the torrid crater of a volcano. And the miracle of life goes on through the power of the human body to adapt itself to myriad, changing conditions. But throughout his days he cannot certainly escape the hourly call of the temporal. Religious zealots through many ages have striven to rise superior to the demands of time, even while they remained in the flesh. But bodies must be fed if their souls would ignore the teasing tantalizations of appetite. Rest must come, rest of muscle, rest of mind, or the poor mortal quickly loses his earthly chance for self-forgetfulness. And who is he who, even though born in solitude, has maintained a sane span of years without contact with his kind? We are temporal, and of the temporal,

and the law of the temporal lays its hourly toll upon our existence. There are few pseudo-philosophic absurdities more limiting to the development of our race than that which would ignore the physical basis of life. The high function of religion is to teach man to live well; and any theory which attempts to ignore the fact that man must first live, before he can live well, is false. An infinitely more far-reaching and rational teaching is that which assures "a sound mind in a sound body," both of which are most perfectly attained through coöperation with laws, a coöperation which, when rationally carried out, demands the utilization of many of the highest virtues of pure religious teaching.

How pitiably far most of us are from either a dogmatic or a rational religious insistence on physical and mental righteousness! How impossible the task of even cataloging humanity's misuse of things temporal! How far-reaching the temptation to make life a monotonous succession of solemn trifles! Living for the hour or the day, helplessly preoccupied with the details of kitchen or club, schoolroom or laboratory, restless, intense, impatient, we slave on, chained to our tasks. Others travel through life as though it were a country of wild and empty wastes. No uplift, no outlook, no hope! And what an utter weariness it must be to live an unproductive life! What unspeakable poverty of soul grows out of the mere waste of time! And the wail of life's spiritual paupers is ever in our ears. "Life is not worth living!" "The whole business of existence is a

dreary struggle." "I never had my chance," and "Fate has always been my enemy!" Each speaker has forgotten that we all have riches, that life, or fate, or the powers that be have shown no partiality. Your hour and mine has but sixty minutes. You use yours. I waste mine. You grow in wealth of gold, and wealth of soul, while my bones or my memory rest in the Potter's field. One time we were equally millionaires of the minutes. Yet to-day's minutes and to-morrow's minutes may be as vitally used as those whose loss we now mourn.

Life is nothing in particular only to those who themselves are nothing in particular. "Nothing in particular," only because they have not tried. The time comes to each when thoughtfully and of serious mind he will ask, "Has my best been worth while?" The misused body is a groaning, aching, complaining wreck at thirty. The well-used body is youthful and useful and comfortable at seventy-five. But the tenure of the best life is limited, and age creeps on apace when "The keepers of the house shall tremble . . . and desire shall fail . . . and the silver cord be loosed." There is a limit beyond which no vitality can further bear human life. Great success comes to the artist, the writer, the statesman and the divine; life is for the time a great joy. But as the successes multiply so do the responsibilities, so do the burdens. The higher we are placed, the greater the number of our critics; successes refuse indefinitely to accumulate and they prepare us only too poorly for the inevitable failures. The richest of voices be-

comes thin; the most deft of pens loses its inspiration; and fickle public opinion refuses to endlessly follow the lead of the most popular of statesmen. A man of many fine parts had made of his own life a peculiar success. He amassed millions. He used his wealth as a good steward. In the fulness of his plenty, he was visited by an old friend, the one in whose presence he could bare his soul. "Yes," he answered, "life seems to hold every charm, and I have so lived that it would seem the present as well as the future could hold naught but the most complete satisfaction for me. And you may well say that there is no legitimate want or need which I cannot completely satisfy. But for me life is a failure. My only son is a fool."

For man there must be more than the temporal. Otherwise, how can he conceive limitless space and his mind hark back or look forward across æons of time, while he everlastingly remains unable to occupy more than six feet of ground, or a few years of life. If his present existence be all, then existence is a mere damnation of tantalization. Who can look this problem fair in the face, brushing aside prejudice, willing and eager to overcome ignorance and to replace superstition with demonstrated truth? Who, turning from the hurts of the conflict; who, standing alone in the memory of some sainted one, alone with his thoughts, but feels the reiterated insistence that there is a timeless self which is as imperishable as time itself, as immortal as the spirit of self-sacrifice which inspired the rough Irish corporal to grasp to his bosom the mutilating death, that others might live.

What an infinite space separates the full soul from the full purse! The minutes which forever count are those which have been utilized in enriching the life of the soul until it finally becomes capable of using all that the days bring; until good and bad and indifferent are but relative terms. And how surely Nature teaches us here. The black dust of industry, the ever-flying white sands of the deserts, the far-flung pall of volcanic smoke, give us, with the sun's rays, our blue heaven; were it not for the world's dust we should look up into a coal-black dome even at noonday. If we find our days multiplying, with no hint of the blue of heaven, with all above us obscured and colorless, let us know that we have misused the hours, and that we have allowed the things of time to gather above our heads as inky clouds shutting out the sun of our soul, veiling the things which know not time.

We age; we lose prestige in our profession; our children grow into ingratitude. Is not life withdrawing the joys of the material to make more room for the spiritual? Is it not thus that the timeless self most sharply knocks at the door of our attention? Euclid becomes timeless as the father of geometry. The immortal Shakespeare ate and drank and slept and loved and died as we; but he superseded time in that his soul lives in his deathless tragedies and ever refreshing comedies. Neither Euclid nor Shakespeare may any of us be. But we all can attain the greatest thing in the world, that love which abides; that love which ever takes on the helpfulness which

"suffereth long and is kind," which "thinketh no evil." And thus for each may the timeless self within link itself with the Eternal. Thus through the warp and woof of the tapestry of our lives may we ever cherish the golden thread of the timeless, given us to knit ourselves abidingly close to the soul of the Maker.

## CHAPTER III

### EVOLUTION

*This mortal must put on immortality.*

The root meaning of evolution is "to unroll," and this simple idea well illustrates the conception which, under the more scientific term, was the "bloody angle" of many years of wordy war between opposing camps of thought. To-day three classes of evolutionists are recognized. The first is the materialistic, which finds in this wondrously ordered and infinitely complex universe no need for the metaphysical. Spencer long since taught us that some principles are humanly incomprehensible; how the beginning began or who made God are questions equally without sacrilege when asked by little boys or by scientists. Materialism asks only that out of the incomprehensible origins, physical and chemical force and chemical atoms be donated. Attraction of gravitation, and chemism with its infinitude of laws of affinity and repulsion, will do the rest, forming revolving satellites and heartbroken sobs with equal ease.

The agnostic evolutionist takes things even a bit easier and whenever the questions become too difficult, retreats behind the Spencerian unknowable, and protects his logic or credulity from unnecessary strain. His opponents, however, object

to his assertions that what he does not know is consequently unknowable, and claim for themselves the right to exercise their developing mental powers to dig deeper and yet deeper into the heart of the great mystery. Finally, the theistic evolutionist sees his God as the soul of all that is; makes his God the essence of all the forces of materialists, and the existing entity of the vast Unknown of the agnostic.

The Good Book, to which so large a proportion of humanity has turned for light and hope and guidance for their individual life, is truly a story of spiritual evolution—culminating in this fifteenth chapter of Corinthians. No greater pledge for the future, no greater demand for the present can be compressed into six words than, "This mortal must put on immortality." To the thoughtful mind, every existence is the prophecy of more to come. The vegetable is a miraculous advance over the inert earth which produces it. The animal feeds upon the vegetable, appropriating all of its mystery of life and adding to it something more. From the animal springs man with his earthly physical, his vegetative and animal qualities, to which he adds additional wonders; while now and again from the loins of simple manhood spring the supermen, the prophets, the leaders, the martyrs, the Master; and the very Godhood speaks through their lips.

Science follows the program of the creation given in Genesis, with remarkable fidelity. According to evolution, the grass and herb-yielding seed and the tree are natural steps in the verduriz-

ing of the earth's surface. And zoölogy assents to the populating of the sea first with the fishes and monsters of the deep; then came the fowls of the air—a step higher, and later on, the beasts of the field. Human embryology startles dogmatic theology with its claim that the history of the evolution of the race is shown in the prenatal development of the embryo as it passes through its various stages, successively assuming and evolving out of the fish, the bird, the lower animal types.

Theistic evolution sees the perfect law of order in the development not only of the human body, but of the mind as well. The baby is born intellectually lower than the animal, to spend his first three years, the years of babyhood, in self-discovery; to require, even in most favorable surroundings, seven years more, the years of childhood, for attaining self-control; and another six years evolving personal loyalty, obedience to law, and a capacity for true comradeship. And not till his legal majority, and then not without the blessings of struggle, does self-reliance come. And for the few who have thus attained, by a wise stewardship of these resources may come later in life the qualities of leadership. Such is the evolution of the mind.

But theistic evolution will not allow man to stop here. Napoleon at his height, Frederic the Great, Peter the Great, the Emperor William—what indeed are they, highly specialized and masterful as may have been their powers of intellect, if the soul has not evolved? The wisest of all the children of men recorded, "The fool hath said in his

heart 'There is no God.'" As interruption in the process of physical evolution may result in the birth of a blighted embryo: as interruption in the evolution of the mind will produce the imbecile: so the evolution of the soul may be interrupted and human existence cursed by moral idiocy. Let us study for a moment the evolution of a soul in the terms of loyalty. The very lowest realization, loyalty to family, is evidenced perchance in a fierce, murderous devotion which renders the individual a menace to the community. Still, the soul has reached out beyond self and has appropriated for its protective efforts its own kin. As a later development, loyalty to one's neighbors appears and community interests are placed before personal desires. A step higher is that loyalty to the State which we term patriotism. In its lower expressions, and when associated with stimulation of the fighting spirit, it is the basis for the man-power of all great international conflicts. But relatives and neighbors and fellow-countrymen are all elementary objects of soul-loyalty when compared with the possibility of loyalty to the ideal. Ideals may be countless, but the perfect ideal, the ideal of God, has from the beginning of time laid hold on the souls of good men and women to lead them from the here to the hereafter; to assure them that "this mortal shall put on immortality." From the beginning of time the best of mankind have been listening to a calling voice, even as we have listened—and is it not well for us to face this call squarely and learn whether it is the voice of hope or of truth?

The avowed reason for science has been its purpose to collect and arrange facts. True science does not presume to guess, save to stimulate investigation, and then frankly speaks of its theories and hypotheses. True science plods along through the decades under the handicap of the Scotch verdict, "Not proven," unsatisfied until theory can be translated into law. Science, unlike religion, assumes nothing as true which it cannot demonstrate. Ptolemy saw the earth as a plane with the stars above and the unknowable beneath. Early religions, even as enlightened as Judaism and Christianity, accepted the science of the day and placed their heavens in the skies and their hells beneath their feet; they made of the stars mere lights of the night and sent the great sun revolving obediently around its earth. Five hundred years ago it was sacrilege to question the location to which theology had ascribed our future abode, a sacrilege so impudent that death itself was meted out as a corrective. Even when Galileo in the seventeenth century announced his belief and produced his evidence, he raised the vindictive enmity of the church—and it was many years before the most intelligent church-man dared accept the demonstrated truth of science, that this earth so fondly called God's foot-stool is but a speck of dust in the roadway of the universe. Truth after truth has Science forced dogmatism to accept, in the face of bitter opposition, of wranglings and hatred. Small wonder it is that untold thousands have turned away from the teachings of theology, their faith shaken because

of its antagonism to the very truth which it should be in the fore to propagate. If religion accepts not demonstrated facts, of what worth is it more than old wives' tales? A whip to frighten the weak, a lash to drive back the ignorant!

Science to-day makes our world youthful, assuring us that in the great process of world-evolution it is but in its childhood as compared with the cold, lifeless moon, or even with our near neighbor Mars, now fighting for life against the ever encroaching polar ice-caps. Science has harmonized the very elements for human service and added innumerable comforts to life. Science will eventually so enrich humanity that poverty will be a result only of human greed. But while science ever strives onward in its accumulation and association of facts and gives man ever increasing power through the knowledge of the law, and develops for him riches unthought by Solomon, it has never made man as happy or good as his faith and trust in the Unseen God. And until it has so done, we are most unwise if we surrender this certain good of Religion for even the facts of Science. Science has yet failed to produce for man love and the blessings of selfless giving which are the greatest needs of his soul.

We have traced man's evolution; we have sketched the onward and upward steps of science. Let us not think that religion itself has failed to evolve. In the vital matter of religion's attitude toward sin, what a vast change have the centuries seen! Those horrible early religions of dread, terror and torture are now known only in the re-

mote regions, or linger in the unlighted halls of narrow minds. Highly developed as we find our animal neighbors, we realize that they are incapable of sin. But when man emerged from his brutehood, he put on moralhood, and since then sin has ever represented a slipping down into the mud through his efforts to ascend. In the earlier books of the Bible sin is condemned most lugubriously, and "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" represents two thousand years of early Biblical progress. What a new light it was upon this unhappy subject when He came who "spoke as one having authority"—and, after bidding the one of her accusers without sin to cast the first stone, dismissed the Magdalene in that spirit of comprehending love—"And neither do I condemn thee!" Did he not see as he bade her "Go and sin no more" that sin is part of man's evolution; that all who would live aright, who would climb the heights, may often take the wrong path before they see the right one?

What an evolution it has been from the religions of gloom to the religion of joy! Library shelves are still cluttered with theologic tomes laden with theologic damnations. The wretchedness of the most righteous is a theme which in the past inspired thousands of pages of woe-begotten literature. As we look into the face of a perfect spring day, as we hear the thrilling voices of the songsters, we realize that Nature laughs. And the children at play, and happy men and women, in those times when life is most dear, laugh until laughter is contagious. Yet we might read a li-

brary on theology, omitting exceptional recent volumes, and never have the suggestion that God can laugh. Evolution promises you and me a good-natured heaven, a heaven where much of the laughter will be spent over "What fools these mortals be" in their effort to make of God a relentless, austere, uncompromising, damning Being, to be dreaded, servilely obeyed, propitiated. Modern evolution should strengthen our faith in the Unseen! For it is ever making more and more certain the brightness of man's future. Evolution itself is anticipating that day when it can say, "The hereafter has been demonstrated. This mortal will put on immortality."

What personal message does the thought of evolution bring to us? Are we not here to be changed, changed from babyhood—to what? Truly that is the question. The responsibility of individual receptivity has always been and will always be a personal one. Spiritual power and force are unquestionably omnipresent, but the window of the soul is locked from within. The spiritual does not force itself upon and control the will, but is ever ready to flow into the opened casement—and the wider the window toward heaven, the greater our certainty of receiving those blessings for which we struggle and pray. As we look back over the past ten years with this thought of evolution before us, has our soul development been retarded, or has it been progressive? Is our vision of the beauty of goodness more clear? Have the harder places in our nature softened? Are we more sensitive to nobleness and truth? Has

there been a widening of our love for humanity with its needs? Have we realized within ourselves an increasing displacement of self by the Divine? Do we know in our souls that this mortal has put on immortality?

"Cosmic dust and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian
And a cave where the cave-men dwell,
A sense of law and beauty
And a face upturned from the clod
Some call it Evolution,
But others call it God!"

## CHAPTER IV

### REALITY

*He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.*

How universal is the sense of incompleteness in human experience! Youth, maturity, and even old age are ever reaching for the something else which they crave for the hour, which seems to be the essential need of the year; while we occasionally meet natures who are bending every force of their working years to the end of attaining some great ambition, failing in which, life to them is but a fraction. Most obvious is this sense of incompleteness in the life of the child. Without a mother's care, or its equivalent, none of us would have ever taken his first step. And how intensely keen is this sense of incompleteness in the heart of the lover! Truly to him the whole unity of existence is expressed in another, without whom he is hopelessly undone! And what a world of tragedy has stormed through human hearts because of the need of man for maid and maid for man. Rare is the one who, visited by loss, afflicted by illness, victimized by deceit, does not feel an irresistible impulse to seek solace, comfort, understanding in the strength of a friend. Why has this impelling spirit of need been placed so instinctively deep in

normal human nature? Because in this very incompleteness is the origin of two most powerful emotions, fear and desire. Do we not also find herein the basis of the two greatest religious conceptions, the brotherhood of man, and the Fatherhood of God?

But how remote from most of our thoughts are these profound but wholesomely stimulating generalities. Unquestionably, exceptional is the mind that spontaneously blends the abstract and the concrete. How removed in most of our lives are our fears and wishes, on the one hand, from the absolute reality of existence on the other. Possibly "removed," for the majority, is not the best expression. Is there not usually conflict, lifelong strife, between things as they are, and things as we would have them? For simplicity's sake we may note how closely related are desire and fear. Desire would possess; fear would avoid. Desire carries us toward; fear pushes us away. Hence fear may be expressed as the wish to avoid. And how persistently insistent is the power of the wish-life over us all.

Placed, as we find ourselves, in the midst of existence which makes its slow evolutionary progress, step by step: which demands of us slow but equally certain progress, day by day, we early discover that we are not mere puppets dragged along by cords of reality, but are entirely able to respond to the drag-back of desire. Slothfully we may tarry; impiously we may rebel; erratically we may flit here and there; ignorantly we may evade the impending realities of the great Un-

known, hiding our trembling selves behind the poor protection of the Known. Thus in some form of imperfect adjustment do we all miss the knowable potentialities of harmonic union with realities, both seen and unseen. Now and then in the history of the human race one, and again another, stand forth, who with philosophic insight have apprehended the truths of material relationship; and with prophetic instinct have visioned the truths of divine relationship. In so far only as you and I profit by their leadership, only as we open our souls to the fulness of such lives, can our inner selves, in sickness or in health, approximate the reality of successful living.

The mystery of the dream is no more. Comparatively recent investigation in this ever fascinating realm of experience has shown that the great sea into which all the happenings of our life ultimately empty, the unconscious mind, is conscienceless, with no judicial censor sitting in judgment upon its activities; and like the sea itself it is ever and anon stirred by the winds of the emotions. The great wish-fear element of our nature is the agitator of this half-hidden subconscious. During the conscious hours of wakefulness, that crowning attribute of man's intelligence, the critical sense—comprising reason and conscience—sits as judge supreme, reviewing in detail each thought brought to his attention. But like the human judge he must sleep. And it is then that desire plays riot with our thoughts. It is then that dreams, wondrous fair, surfeit us with the treasured beauties of the imagination.

It is then that the hodge-podge of the fantastic bizarre utterly upsets every semblance of reality, and makes sport and plaything of every law of order. And from the heights we fall to certain death, but light instead upon the great cushion of our dream and slip into pleasurable, harmless gliding through space, otherwise experienced only by the aeronaut. Or with equal facility the Inferno of Dante and Doré is out-sung and out-pictured by the horrors of our own gruesome inferno as we are lashed through the perdition of the night by the Satan of our own fears.

Imagination was given man to go before as the pillar of the cloud and of fire, to lead on from day to day toward the promised land, and what homage we owe it as we trace the progress of humanity through the ages! The beauty of man's mind, the strength of his intellect have been rooted deep in the almost divine powers of his imagination. But what a horror of horrors this same potent element may be when it is diseased, and diseased it is as evidenced in thousands of our dreams, not only those of the sleeping hours, but even more emphatically those of the day. Yet who would descend to that low estate which knows not the joys of the imagination, its leadership, its inspiration, even though its possession may plunge us into a gloom of terrors.

But the essence of our theme is found in the relationship between desires and reality. No one can adopt a constructive conception of existence and not believe that our day-dreams, those dreams which the judge of our thoughts may affirm or

reverse, are like the architect's blue-prints, the promise of things to be; that they are right and have a place; and like blue-prints, may be altered from time to time as new and better ideas may render expedient. What contractor would engage to build a worthy edifice without a complete set of the architect's plans? Wherein is human life more rationally completed than in the evolution of an abiding structure, fulfilling the promise of the mind's picture? But judges may be corrupt or weak or ignorant. The world's history is full of the pathos of miscarriages of justice and the judge-censor of our day-dream-life may be ignorant or weak, or may be corruptible. Dream-thoughts which can never be realized enter into our plans of life, dreams which steel nor stone nor mortar may erect as they violate the laws of resistance or the laws of gravity. Such and many other forms of imperfect use of imagination account for much of the pathos of individual failure.

Reality may be likened to a granite wall surrounding us on all sides, against which we destructively throw our deluded selves exclaiming, "This is not rock! It is but a painted scene!" Or in pain, and sweat, and weariness, discouraged, we slowly quarry stone after stone and painstakingly chisel them into building blocks to rear our tower skyward, to build it until we see over our Mountains of Difficulty; until we see with all the clearness that reality brings, into the life of the great beyond. Shall we be victims or masters of the granite barrier of ineffaceably certain law which limits even as it inspires our life's efforts?

Shall we recklessly continue to bruise our heads against the cliffs, and ignorantly murmur "Canvas only," falsifying life until its essential reality becomes our enemy? Shall we attempt by blandishments and caresses to soften the rocks of our limitations? Shall we be content with erecting our castle from the easily molded clay, and say "This mud is as granite; this will endure even as your painfully prepared blocks of stone?" Equally dangerous it is in life to accept the false as real, as to deny the certainty of the real. What but an ultimate heap of slimy mud is our castle of clay when beat upon by the storms of adversity, those storms which are vitally and essentially real, and which prove the undoing of lives not built of, and on, the rock. And so with increasingly critical eye should we watch each stone before it is set in place by the builder. The mud of gossip, the melting clay of superstition, the incohesive sands of untruth are building materials from which no lasting reality may be erected.

Without an invincible determination that the abiding, only, may be used as construction-stone in the building of our characters, certain confusion will replace clear-sighted thinking. Such confusion we frequently invite when we attempt to dodge reality. Palms are blistering, heads and backs are aching with the toil of progress; and why indeed must we so unremittingly work? Why not dream a while? Why not muse on other plans? Do not the castles grow without labor when we but dream them! and how beautiful and fair we can then build! Bronze and porphyry

and marble we can then use. Who has not thus attempted escape when rudely handled by the Real? And how insidiously the habit may form till from spending a few minutes of fantasy with their relaxing, refreshing vision, the work hours may go, the work life may go. Instead of piling rock upon rock we find ourselves blowing the many-hued bubbles of the society life, bubbles which reflect in rainbow tints only what is near, with a beauty that disappears even more suddenly than it is created.

The life of unreality, however, reaches no depth of certain defeat so truly as when it induces its victim to falsify the genuineness of sensation and perception and ideation by the enchantments of drug and stimulant. No reason so secure, no imagination so perfect, no purpose so pure, no will so potent that these evil spirits may not weaken, pervert, confound, destroy. Let us remember that no matter how small the glass, "Wine is a mocker!" There is a reality of incurable disease. The old ship is fast on the rocks and pounding to pieces in the surge of the surf. In the pain of it all—that certain pain with which Reality often asserts her essential sincerity—in times of unquestioned hopelessness, the temporary forgetfulness of drug intoxication is a blessing. What captain so stolid but turns away his eyes as his good ship beats to pieces!

In face of the superb results in disseminating knowledge accomplished by modern educational efforts, selective mental training is an ideal still far from general realization. The sense of un-

reality is quite too common these latter days—the feeling of strangeness and unnaturalness, which has gradually grown because of our incapacity to give clear and accurate attention to the multiplying masses of facts hurled into our faces during our defenseless student days—ideas, principles, theorems, dates galore. Associations, which would save the mind from practical emptiness, fail to be made. In teaching, each principle should be a hook upon which draperies or utilities may be hung. How many minds present a masterful array of hooks with nothing thereon! The student who has never learned where to hang the accumulating facts of experience wanders through the corridors of his intellect in confusion.

The nervous are becoming increasingly numerous, those fundamentally fine folk who comprise most of the truly great, whose very sensitiveness to the touch of all about them speaks for a more perfect contact with the real than can be known by those who are less acute. This superb capacity to feel keenly carries with it the highest capacity for suffering—and in all ages the neurotic has been he who sought escape from the pains and burdens and heartaches of the real in the falsifications of the fantastic. Unquestionably now and then the individual does make an individual success in attaining comfort and self-satisfaction and easy-going conceit, through the substitution of his wish imaginings for the facts of his existence. But what an unsafe contribution to humanity are such lives. How clearly they represent those ever recurring sects which, with their faces in the sky,

deny that their feet tread the dust; which would deny the material facts of aching teeth, of garbage piles, of human misery and sin and loss and deception; which presume to falsify the very essential of their earthly existence by denying reality.

Thus from different viewpoints have we been noting the victims of reality, a throng significantly large when we consider how devoted the great majority of mankind is to the things of the flesh. Would it not seem that in this very majority, the largest number of those who have accepted realism on its own terms would have met and mastered the great problems of life's adjustments? But on the contrary, wherever he is found the master of reality is one who resolutely reduces the indefinite to the real. In his mind there is no place for wishes which may not be turned into deeds. It is he who spans the gulf between the ideal and the real with bridges of steel, bridges which will stand the tramp, tramp of human feet.

The development of this masterfulness rests in a hospitality to all truth, be it welcome or painful, thrilling or depressing, vital or fatal. Truth is the essential reality which, regardless of the burden of its message, is the accepted guest of the master. The reality which is genuine invades life to all its centers. Physical health, mental poise, spiritual serenity—each finds its balance in accepting that reality which recognizes the very truth of the present; which accepts the certainty of all past experience, and estimates the inevitable future consequences. In short, the reality that our Maker would have us know faces life squarely with

its yesterdays, its to-days, and its to-morrows. It faces fairly regrets, remorses, apprehensions, fears, dreads—the whole sinister aspect which grim life may present. The unrealities of active deception, the character-corroding unrealities of self-deception can never be utilized by a masterful character as building material. How incongruous to any conception of masterfulness is the existence of the melancholy—solemn mournfuls though they be, fairly saturated with the atmosphere of sanctity. Dolefulness may be assumed, but in truth is more frequently surrendered to, that pluperfect future reward may be secured. What more real than the futility of future joys when one has not developed the capacity for enjoyment? What heaven can bring joy to the joyless?

As we touch the lives of those who have mastered, we find that their devotion to the real has brought them certain definite assets, negotiable in any bank of human relationships—negotiable to redeem notes long past due—assets which assure wealth in eternity. Of these, courage robs life of its nameless, anomalous terrors. Fear can not remain with him who faces what life brings, and sees, behind the stern gleam of pain and loss and deception, the infinite tenderness of the Maker of life. Sacrifice brings its wealth of blessings which never die. The master of reality has long since risen above self as the object of his living. As age gently whitens the hair of womanhood, and thoughts run back to the days that are gone, which are the joys ineffable? The brocades, the old

laces, the jewels, the damask, the silver service and egg-shell china—all the gifts which husband and friends have showered upon her—or that single life which stood for months of suffering, for hours of anguish, for years of anxiety? Which blessing will never die in the woman's soul—the trumpery of plenty, or the memory of those essential sacrifices that gave to the world her son, a worthy man?

In the hellish caldron of a world's war nations are seething, blaspheming, murdering. How quickly one single reality, an eternal reality, sprinkled upon this horrible stench would purify it all and make the whole world, as it has never truly been, akin. The reality of charity is the one only certain element which will make wars to cease, which will strangle sectional hate and dethrone autocratic greed. Certainly "He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting"—he it is who holds fast to the reality, hope, a reality so tangible that it brings eternity into life to-day.

## CHAPTER V

### ABILITY

*Neglect not the gift that is in thee.*

In this vast universe, so much of which has been given man to know, his own body is the first possession which he recognizes. This body, without which an earthly existence is inconceivable, this body which refuses to be eliminated as an organ for the development of the mind, and in which the human soul is rooted, cannot be neglected without certain disaster to the mind or the soul of the individual, or to future generations. Surely the wisdom of the ages should have succeeded, after these uncounted centuries of human living, in making of man a good animal. For while many notable exceptions can be cited, all that stands for might and majesty in man is ultimately dependent on his physical well-being. Yet, as we consider mankind, we are struck with the truth that of all the animal kingdom, his is the most defective species, this despite the fact that the means at his disposal, which minister to his needs, are infinitely in excess of those enjoyed by any or even all other animal life. Truly in this very advantage we find the reason for his endless list of physical defects. Man's body is overindulged, is unduly cared for.

Three elements, only, are needed to certainly multiply generations of perfect physique, three only, out of the multitude of his choice: wholesome food, fresh air, and hard work! With the majority of mankind to-day, the body, the house of man's soul, is indeed poorly fitted to harbor its splendid occupant. While those people who have ignored the insatiable behests of the physical, save such as supplied these simple elements of health, have never failed to produce men and women of supermight.

Months following the discovery of his body, the child realizes that most of the world is located beyond the touch of his fingers. Thus more or less clearly he becomes aware of his own mind, that faithful omnipresent servant, ever eager to do his bidding; yet a servant who may scheme and fight and perjure, even prostitute himself, and who may finally deceive the master of the house into believing that through the mind's cleverness the great rewards of life are to be won. For many, too late the knowledge comes that cleverness alone is never greatness. The cleverest of faces may be found portrayed in the Rogues' Gallery of any large city, faces which show the marks of shrewdness, keenness, ability and determination, which should have won recognition in any honorable walk of life—revealing splendid qualities of the mind which in the end brought only disgrace.

But what of the Master of this magnificent establishment? Who is he? The Creator has made man godlike by breathing into his body a soul, that sublime gift, the cultivation of which is life's

only real business, the neglect of which is life's only possible failure; that gift which is superior to any prowess of body or shrewdness of mind; that gift which has brought unselfishness and gentleness and loyalty and honor and self-sacrifice and charity into human relationship; that Master of the House which, "speaking through the intellect is Genius, acting through the will is Virtue, breathing through the affections is Love."

This soul looks ever forward, creating its own world in the face of all possible powers that could oppose. Body, mind and soul have been given man, superb gifts all, gifts the proper use of which would, ages since, have realized for him that sonship of God which to-day seems to most of us but a vague promise. Instead of following the obvious lesson so constantly before us in the animal kingdom—the lesson of adapting our bodies to the simple laws of physical well-being—the treasures of the earth have been searched that we might multiply the means of pampering the flesh. Nature provides fruit and vegetables, cereals, milk, simple wholesome foods in plenty. Man fries and seasons, overcooks or freezes each dish that he touches. He slaughters, and concocts, and devises weird dishes that he may find a new taste. Finally, he evolves compounds the complexity of which quite staggers his own powers of assimilation. To whip the waning force of his digestion, he adds the stimulant that deceives, which later demands the sedative that comforts. The man of forty to-day is rare who does not choose a rich overseasoned meal with coffee, wines and tobacco,

in preference to the plate of fruit and the wholesome bowl of bread and milk. And by how few of our women is the life of daily, rational, physical effort chosen, which certainly brings in time the ruddy glow of wholesome health, instead of the indulgent years which surely and relentlessly call for powder, pomade and perfume—those ghastly substitutes for the health that spurns artifice.

Nor is the Master of the House more wise in the care of his servants. Misused minds vie with pampered bodies in frequency. Often the mind's very shrewdness is deceived and the value of its own possessions falsified. Conceit deludes minds outwardly well-to-do, superficially bright and attractive, but inwardly destitute of true ability and strength. Self-deceived minds accept that which comes cheaply and easily, and hug to themselves the trash of life, forgetting that being and doing, only, count in life's final reckoning, that the mere having, the possession of that which is not truly used, is as nothing. Poorly trained servants neglect corners, and every house has its darkened nooks where that which is harmful to the Master's health may accumulate and lurk, danger-breeding. So is the mind which holds prejudice, which does not open every cranny to the pure air of reason and the searching sunlight of truth.

Honorable, indeed superb, may be the qualifications of the mind, the soul's servant. But too often this servant absolutely ignores the soul itself, and the Master of the House pines in loneliness and neglect in his own home. Thus it is in many lives, as it was in the case of the brilliant

student finishing his law course at the head of his class. In making a farewell call on the beloved President of the University, he was asked by this good man who, proud of the record of his student, yet realized that more than brilliancy was needed: "What are your plans?" "I go to the city as junior member of a law firm." "Yes, and what then?" "I shall perfect myself as a corporation lawyer." "And then?" "I shall not be satisfied until I am a recognized authority in my profession." "And then?" "I shall establish and be at the head of my own firm." "And then?" "I shall be sought by the greatest corporations and become financially independent." "And then?" "Why, of course, I shall marry, and have a home and children." "And then?" "Well, in my old age I shall have plenty and I can retire early and take my ease." "And then?" "Well, of course, finally, I'll get old and die." "And what then?" The young man had forgotten his soul. Even so are we prone to do each day as we neglect those better impulses which struggle for recognition; when we tearfully sympathize and do not lift a hand to help; when we turn from the unselfish thought, awaiting a more convenient season. Then the call of the soul for service is stifled in the shouts and glee of our riotous living; then, in respect for law and decency, we control the crude selfishness of our desires, control merely—not correct. We stew and fuss and fume at thoughtlessness, or inefficiency on the part of others, the incivility of our associates, or even of our close relations, instead of living before them in gentle

kindliness and leaving no opportunity unused which may win their coöperation, their respect, their devotion. A servant but worries and frets where a master and nobility would overcome.

The admonition to "neglect not the gift" but emphasizes the admonition to properly use our gifts. Thus may "conviction be converted into conduct!" How common to most of us is the experience of being faced with the conviction of wrong done or duty beckoning; of impulses coming strong to worthy action or more purposeful effort, which die still-born; convictions which, in the end, prove only wasteful and weakening, as do all worthy ideals and promptings which do not find their fulfillment in conduct. We have quite fully discussed the proper use of the body and recognized it as a truly splendid machine. It is difficult for us, in the face of its apparent complexity and multiplied demands, to utilize it only as the most perfect engine known for transmuting food and air into energy, for changing those things which we breathe and taste into that glorious possession —life. In the midst of all our suffering and sickness, we should hold fast to this fact—that a few simple laws, only, need be followed to create, within a few generations, a people of powerful physiques; that the well-used body is a simply-used body; and that no investment in life brings greater returns in strength and vitality than the hour or two devoted daily to the body's well-being, in response to Nature's simple laws of living.

The mind is a wondrous expression of vital energy which transmutes all experiences and events

into law and order and reason. To use these minds aright, that they may be truly cultivated, is much less simple than attaining physical health. The servant of the soul is assailed through so many channels by those who have something to sell, who would bribe and deceive. Each new authority is a new school which would train the mind in new channels. One emphasizes life here, another there, and it is easy to discern the source of the intellectual chaos which often results from our efforts to educate.

But our greatest concern is the Master of the House, the living soul—that gift of God which transmutes all experiences, all losses, all pain of body and distress of mind, all that man calls evil into that which proves a benediction to itself. We are never adding to the life of the soul when we fail to derive some blessing from each experience which touches our inner life. We are so prone to ever look beyond the good in us for the God of our salvation. Too often we call some mysterious sensations produced by changes of circulation—changes constantly resulting from fear or great yearning, or any intensity of feeling—answers to our prayers for a message from the unseen God. But truly our ability to recognize God is based absolutely on the quality of our own souls. God is a piece of clay, a myth, a terror, an implacable avenger of his wrath, a benediction of love, the great gentle Father, even as the soul feels, imagines, believes. Hence, self must be prepared to know God—not by wishing, yearning, dreaming or hoping, but by the daily following of the path

which our already best self reveals. So only may we learn to know God, to recognize Him when we meet Him on the wayside of life, when we find Him in the heart of a brother. Self, our best self, must ever be given a worshipful place in life, for that best self reflects the only God we can know. "Neglect not the gift that is in thee." A practical lesson should come to us with a resistless intensity, that, no matter what our limitations, regardless of our handicap, in the face of all that has transpired, humanly termed "miserable," a precious personal gift is ours. At twenty, or forty, certainly at sixty years, one faces a life fairly bristling with subtractions, but if he has not murdered the Master of the House, and will place his life in the hands of his soul, he can still fight a winning battle with his remainders. He can again return to the fighting line from which he so long ago retreated; he can strangle enemies in his own ranks; he can do his bit with the great enemy of human happiness and progress which confronts all constructive human effort. With Carlyle the soul can ever cry: "Produce! Produce—were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a product. Produce it in God's name. 'Tis the utmost thou hast. Out with it! Then up! Up! Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

## CHAPTER VI

### STABILITY

*And having done all to stand.*

Those are rare times when, looking upon the sea, we find it placid and mirror-like as it lies apparently inert, merely reflecting the heaven's blue, the white, idly-hanging sail, or the drowsy gray shadows of the gulls. The great deep might then be but a sea of glass. Ever and anon this polished surface is broken into ripples by some leaping fish, or the whole expanse is suddenly turned into a soft fur by the breath of an oncoming breeze, which, as it strengthens, soon deepens the watery hills and vales into moving rollers, transforming the whole into a scene of ceaseless, restless motion. With the freshening of the breeze these same rollers change into waves with their green-white, plumed crests, which travel on and on, curving, curling, breaking, reaching, ever reaching for the helpless, drifting something to bury in their bosom. What spectacle does Nature offer more thrilling, more threatening than the sea in its fury, when with power unleashed it rocks and rolls and dashes and crashes, reckless, regardless, wild and insane in its destructive desire? And the strength and beauty and pride of human kind—the barges, galleons, cloud-like ships of the main,

the men of war, the palaces of pleasure, the steel-ribbed, power-pulsating liners, have through the ages proven the hapless food of the frenzied deep, never satisfying the maw of its insatiable desire. And each wrecked ship means more work for men, more weeping for women while the sea but insolently taunts, "More! More!"

And how like the hungry deep is desire in human experience. It has its hours of calm in which, on the surface, all is peace and beauty, while underneath, its currents are flowing steadily hither and thither, and constantly the ripples of small wants make for small actions, small efforts, and break the hush of satisfaction. Few days pass that desire does not roll in upon us to throw the hours into commotion, and few the weeks that the white-caps of spite or selfish craving do not reach out, discordant to the peace and rights of those near. Unutterably destructive is the sea of desire when lashed into fury, and insatiable the greedy maw of its "I want, I want!"

Treacherous as is the deep to the plans and pleasures of mankind, equally treacherous is the sea of desire to the plans and abiding pleasures of the individual. Little lives, average lives, the lives of the great, have gone down and will continue to go, in wreckage, the wreckage of desire. Delightful it is to float on the bosom of the deep as it gently rises and falls; how natural to liken this experience to the peaceful sleeping of the babe upon its mother's breast. But if our only dependence be a pleasure craft, how false is the sense of security! What wreckage lurks in the assumed

peace of the tropic warmth and the tropic calm! From out of the shimmering horizon will come, certain as fate, the heartless, conscienceless storm. Yet how almost universally man surrenders to the lure of ease. Generations craving luxury toil that future generations may toil not. Parents economize and save and deny that their children may know not work of hands, but may sit in ample office chairs and scheme with brain, or even inertly drift and dream.

To all, some things are easy. It is easy for the strong to be strong. It is easy for the weak to remain weak. For the strong to learn gentleness and consideration and unselfishness and the free giving of their strength for others' good is a task, even as for the weak to prayerfully, patiently, purposefully, insistently produce power through the cultivation of their small strength. It is easy for all to hold and to use for self those qualities or possessions inherently theirs; to fulfill to the limit the whisperings or the commands of desire. To none is it invariably easy to want with a striving and a persevering that which is unquestionably right. Much of the problem of living has been successfully worked out when one is ever able to meet that hourly problem of choosing between what "I want," and wanting what I should righteously choose.

Rare are the days when all nature is ahush, when the only motion underfoot is the unseen stretching upward of grass and reed and shrub; when the drapery of the trees hangs idle and even the aspen has ceased its "ceaseless flutter,"

when the droning of the bees is but a lazy tune, and the throats of the birds are still, in harmony with the universal quiet; when the dust raised along the country road by the creeping peddler's van hangs suspended, almost too inert to settle again. Persuasive and rare is this all-pervading hush, but certainly soon do the aspen leaves resume their flutter and the grasses and the lesser branches nod in greeting to the caressing zephyr as it daintily trips and kisses the sweet fragrance from the clover and honeysuckle in passing. But the hush and zephyr stand for rare manifestations of the ever-changing wind. More usually in briskness it breezes to and fro exacting homage from mountain pine and lowland oak, piling the dusty road into obedient yellow, streaming clouds, forcing the bee to hum forth his energies as he hies homeward with the treasures of his flower-vandalism, and laying the exactions of effort upon even the fleet-winged birds as they mate and nest and foregather. And how this same wind that lulls and caresses and stimulates breaks forth into riotous gusts, gusts that try and strain and bowl over the weak in their helplessness, which shatter the bloom of lawn and mountain side, and threaten all which is not secure. Suddenly this same changeable force may burst forth with mutterings and cursings, and storm through the land carrying affright and loss and disturbance in its wake, banging at every door and window, trampling, wrenching, tearing, wounding, maiming, killing the life which would call it friend. What works of man, what buildings of Nature can withstand

the devil-infested hurricane, as with its forked, burning lightnings and its ear-splitting cannonading and its chaos of annihilation it gathers into its giant arms, in one blinding confusion, life and property and things inanimate, and hurls and dashes them into pieces. The wind that bloweth where it listeth!

What more changeable, what forces more vacillating than the winds of land and sea? One wind blows the pearly warmth of the tropics to tempt from the security of their buds the young fruits of the spring; another wind blows the black frosts of the north to the land of flowers and plenty, that flowers and plenty may die; still another blows the cold, damp shivers from the east into the bones of the old that they may go down in pain and sickness; while from the lips of the sinking sun the west wind blows dry till the thirsty fields cry out and are burned into uselessness by the hot breath of the drought. Without the winds we should all stifle and the earth would die of its thirst. The good winds refresh and stimulate and make glad the things of life—but the most steadfast of them all is ever fickle. And, as the winds shift from hour to hour or from season to season, so it is in human life. Rightfully we think of the child mind as changeable; it is given maturity to "put away childish things." The period of childhood is the one of most rapid transformation. The little one fairly alters in form of body, in newness of mind and freshness of desire from day to day. Change after change must be; development, growth, the acquirement of knowledge, the gaining of wisdom

—all stand for change. But our message is to those who have acquired the stature of manhood and womanhood, still retaining the vacillating instability of immaturity.

Moods stand for much of the changeableness in the lives of many. Smiles and frowns, tenderness and bitterness, exaltation and hopelessness, irritability and patience, sensitiveness and crudeness, may troop one after another across the same countenance, expressive of the altering emotions within. And of all guides which man follows, the most instinctively untruthful are his undisciplined emotions. When "I feel" is the governing word, the "I want" of selfishness ever lurks in its shadow. Instability in plans makes for wastefulness and the ultimate certainty of disappointment in many earnest lives. The morbidly conscientious are most prone to play battle-dore and shuttle-cock with their affairs; while another group, energized by much will and vitality, but ungoverned by stable purpose, present lives of ceaseless activity, an activity as sterile in productive results as the flying dust clouds of the road side. But the wretches of life are the unstable in principle, such as are fulsome in flattery, subtle in detraction, caring not that half truths are whole falsehoods, knowing shifty cleverness, but recking not the stability of wisdom. What good can lastingly adhere to the souls who know not certainty of purpose, nor rigidity of principle, who honor not the ideals of the unseen?

Suffering comes to the ignorant and to the wise, to the high and to the low, and visits wealth and

poverty, disciple and Pharisee. Usually suffering is the certain penalty of laws violated—suffering, which should be the schoolmaster bringing home a lesson in the school of wisdom. But with equal certainty suffering comes to the innocent, unoffending victims of greedy power or unscrupulous design—to passive heritors of the weaknesses and evils of ancestry. Suffering comes to those who have kept the law and yet must feel the penalty. To such, suffering is a test, a test of growth, of worth, the test which proves whether everlasting truth has been properly mixed with certainly passing, mutable life. Does suffering bring petulance and resentment, craven hopelessness and despair? Does it create confusion and recklessness? Does it dominate and obscure the great promises of the soul? If so, one has been tried and found wanting. Volition's battles mark each day of life's progress, a progress which is punctuated with a constant losing and an equally constant finding. Change, ever change, is the program of existence. New opportunities bring new wants; new associations let loose new desires; and progress will ever be halting and uncertain until will has conquered inclination; until one's duty is to be done, sick or well. How truly Shakespeare made the indisposed friend of Brutus express this great principle:

> "I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand,
> Any exploit worthy the name of honor."

Even so, defeats come, must come, should come, for in the forge of defeat equally as on the anvil

of victory is character melted and molded, shaped and perfected.

We turn from the sea with its countless ever-clutching fingers, and from the wind with its fickle cruelty, to the rock for our sheltering safety—the rock, resistant, sustaining, dependable, the rock against which the winds and the waves lash themselves in fury, and in vain. The desires of the sea are no more insatiable than the desires of the body. The alterations and fluctuations of the wind no more unstable than the visions, ambitions and plans of the mind. The soul may be steadfast, unchangeable, eternal; it alone is the rock against which craving desire and vaulting aspiration may dash themselves into harmless pieces. Inherent in the soul is the power of principle. Everlastingly essential to the development of the child is the binding into inseparable union his conscience and a few simple, fundamental principles of right. How firm a foundation such teaching has proven in many a storm-threatened life—without it, all that we build has no footing but in the sands. If the years are to bring mastery, the victories must multiply, and what force grants a truer reserve of fighting power than that accumulated through former victories of right doing? There is a false stability of obstinacy which is but consistent adherence to selfish desire. Conceit, also a false stability, is but an unworthy faith in the good of our weaknesses. Possession of the power of principle is the only basis for a legitimate self-confidence which can stand in the face of adversity, misunderstanding, desire. It is told

of Lincoln that, after discussing a question of national importance with his cabinet, a question which he advocated and against which his adversaries were unanimous, when he called for the vote and met an unopposed chorus of "Nays," he quietly voted "Aye" and smilingly proclaimed "The Ayes have it!" No obstinacy there—no small conceit, but a self-confidence which had grown out of a life of deep and soul-trying experiences, through all of which he had ever accepted the guidance of principle.

But many complain, "How can self-confidence come to me? God knows I wish to do right, but doubt is ever at my side and, whatever I attempt, it ridicules and falsifies and denies." Turn back the pages of such a life and see what is ever lacking. The record shows evidence that, in no one department of productive living, has a root been sunk deep into the soil of reality. We find that life maintaining no practical hold upon the everlasting things that are; it is nourished only by a thousand surface roots, the roots of things as they appear. To cultivate the stability of self-confidence one must master and incorporate into hourly living some principles, one must in some work be worthy. Thus only may he know his own worth, and only in knowing worth may he be righteously stable.

Another help to stability is found in changing our point of view. As one approaches the beautiful Jung Frau, her mountainous white cliffs seem an impassable barrier across the valley-head, and as we creep close to the foot of this glorious

pile the whole world seems limited and shut in, and the majesty of the great presence is almost threatening. How different the picture to the eye of the soaring aeronaut as he passes high above this towering peak. He sees the mountain's relation to other heights, to other valleys, to the great surrounding landscape; and the barrier impassable to the foot-traveler offers nothing but a picture of symmetrical scenic beauty in the great panorama below. Through the strength which he has acquired by uniting his mind with the forces of matter, the barrier to his progress has dissolved and the burdens and dangers of ascent are no more. The conditions alter and the whole problem disappears with his change of viewpoint. When we realize that it has been given the soul to unite itself in masterful alliance with the eternal powers of the spiritual, how unworthy man's acceptance of the cheap optimism of health or the quick pessimism of illness! How unworthily he lives when fever and pain and physical weakness and sleepless hours, when fickle appetites or overwrought nerves, or the forced idleness of bedridden weeks, rear themselves as impassable barriers, when they press upon him as threatening, impending, stifling mountain heights in the face of which he surrenders. Why not rise upon spiritual wings, rise until all that is cheap and mean and weak and unworthy becomes but part of the great landscape of mountain and vale, of city, plain and river—the handiwork of a beneficent Maker? Not until we can look down upon life with its expectations and disappointments, its troubles, its con-

fusions and its balking changes, may we have the viewpoint which promises worthy stability. Without such inspiration we can never know that volitional strength which, having done all, stands.

## CHAPTER VII

### ATTITUDE

*Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content.*

Man's taste, influenced by his purse, decides the character of his clothes, and we are prone to judge our fellow-brethren and "sistren" by the cut of their garments and the quality of the fabric. But there is a more fair way of judging character than by one's choice of garb. The soul has its clothing which is just as obvious, when we come in contact with human beings, as the cut of their apparel. The garment of the soul may be called attitude, and attitude represents most truly the real character.

As we note our fellow-man in his gayer moods and scan the list of his pleasures and see how various are his means for merriment, we must realize the richness of his equipment for enjoyment. By no people, or tribe and, indeed, only in forlorn individuals, is this capacity not expressed in gladsome hours, in fête days, or health-giving vacations, in eating, drinking and merry-making in or out of season. Stunted, deformed, defective, is he who has not the capacity for enjoyment. Resting, as this possession does, upon man's superb ability to react in a thousand ways

to thousands of situations, it carries with it an equally rich equipment for suffering. And who will say that the list of human woes is shorter than that of mortal joys? Modern determinism, or fatalism rehabilitated, would leave man helpless and hopeless with his animal associates, would bind him with the fateful chains of heredity and the steel grip of environment, denying that most obvious of practical conclusions, expressed through the infinite variety of human reactions, the plasticity of man's character—a plasticity subject to the determination of its owner in face of chains and steel bands. Every law of the land and every penalty for his misdeeds speak most eloquently for the practical responsibility of the individual.

Almost countless are the classifications which have been applied to various responses of mankind to the great stimulus of life—classifications which it would be most interesting to relate, but for practical reasons we shall presume to consider our fellow-man as comprising two groups: the egoist and the altruist, basing this classification upon the conduct of his soul in its relations with his neighbor.

Every hour of life brings some new touch to influence our conduct and to proclaim our responsibility. It is frequently very convenient and comforting, however, to lay the blame of our conduct of to-day upon the touch of the past—upon those who have gone before. What a handy waste-basket heredity is when we wish to avoid the effort of overcoming our faults, and to unworthily hide behind the selfish fatalism of "I am what I am,

and I can't help having been made so!" Heredity does place us here in the center of a big existence, but heredity's power to say whether I shall remain content through being so placed, or lay hold on ambition and climb to the skies, is a myth. Home-training assuredly lays a strong hand upon our developing attitude; frankness or secrecy, selfishness or generosity, hardness or the spirit of gentleness, is profoundly influenced by the early years at home. Some of us are uncompromising and quickly resentful because of those developing years spent in an unforgiving atmosphere, while the joy of gentle living is easy for others because of the gentle one at home whose beautiful tenderness mellowed our souls.

Strong and pervading as are the home influences, the power of education to fundamentally mold and change the attitude is of infinite value. The young man leaves his home of crude religious faith where the coarse rigidity of semi-fatalistic justice has left him much to forgive and more that he must forget, if true manhood is to be obtained. Doggedly he works himself through college. Education makes him at twenty-one a markedly different man than he promised to be at fourteen. His whole horizon has been changed. The unforgiving narrowness of his home religious training had made him almost hate the church; in college, he was given a new outlook; he learned faith in that Power which stands for the goodness of love, not the weakness expressed through force. His attitude toward his fellowman has changed. He has found the strength of manhood, not in the brutal

word, the hard fist, but in consideration, in willingness to give and take, in arguments which stimulate the best instead of developing spite and resentment and enmity.

Our practical business interests, bringing us close to the great problem of "Live and let live," distinctly affect our attitude. It is here that professions speak weakly and actions are heard most clearly. There are bar-tenders by whom no appeal of need is unheeded—men of quick generosity and kind hearts, to whom personal suffering is an irresistible cry. There are ministers whose methods of close dealing, whose niggardliness of response to need is entirely disproportionate to their capacity for providing their own personal comforts. Attitude does not find its fulfillment in one's occupation or profession but in the hourly response of man to man.

Unquestionably the most determining influence upon the attitude of the individual is that of the Unseen upon his soul. Imperfect religions may breed all sorts of ugly attitudes. The religion of spirituality will ever develop the highest type of soul life, will ever unfold the most perfect expression of human character, will ever reveal to waiting, needing mankind the latent capacity of the human to take on the Divine.

In our attitude lies our greatest responsibility. We are imperial truly in our power of choice. No living soul can choose an atom of our attitude for us. Others may decide our food and raiment but none, high or low, can choose our attitude toward our clothing, our food, our friends, our enemies,

toward life in its least instance, toward life in its greatest development. The soul ever lives in an atmosphere of its own making. If to-day, resentment embitters your thoughts—resentment growing out of past injustice—your hours of bitterness are being multiplied because you have allowed injustice to pervert and turn to gall those feelings which with equal certainty could have sweetened with your pity and forgiveness. The days bring only weariness; your interest in work, in reading, in the great drama of life, fails to stimulate—and the days drag endlessly. You sneer at life and cynically falsify its richness. But nothing that life offers can discount its interests for those who deeply search each experience, demanding its essential truth. A part of the truth can only be disappointing, can only fail to inspire and like all defects must ultimately defraud. It has not been life but the superficial unworthiness of the living which has robbed it of interest. If in our reading, working, enjoying, we are seeking the best which they all bring; if the best offered by each associate and each passing event is given full valuation, we shall soon find that the best things of life are not about us, are not represented by other lives, but are within and have become part of us.

On the basis of man's relationship to life we have divided human kind into the egoist and the altruist. That we may be a bit more graphic we shall give the egoist a rather uncomplimentary term of the street and call him the "grafter," while instinctively we shall denote the altruist as a benefactor. We could probably find no more

illuminating illustration of the absolute disparity of individual attitude than is expressed by graft and benevolence. No happening touches our interrelated lives which is not reacted to as it makes for self-advantage, or as it affects others. Egoism, or the principle of self-interest, has a most legitimate birth—we must receive or we shall never have aught to give. When we discover ourselves, we realize that the efforts of others have been poured into our lives, that we have cost much human pain, thought, care, and perchance, love, that the spirit of others has known weariness as part of the price of our being here. But this means nothing to the grafter. The world owes him a living and it is his business to get the most out of life, returning the least. The beauty of soul-life has no appeal for the grafter; the desires of self have blinded his eyes to the great human need, a need felt in the life of each being he touches, a need which extends from his own household to the antipodes. How unutterably the insatiable self can blind the sympathies to the soul-hunger, which is the only real starvation the world has ever known. The grafter is egocentric; his wants, his petted needs and desires direct all his energies, thoughts, feelings and plans, inward. Should it happen that you attract the grafter and are honored with his society, he will, from the first, attempt to fill you with himself; no adroitness will suffice to displace his interest by those common to both, but the reëcho of "I" and "Me" and "Mine" haunts his presence. The world and its great family, the vast heavens above, the acute

present and the impending future are, only, that he may benefit thereby. It is he who makes the work days miserable for his co-workers, through a reckless disregard for their rights and comforts; it is he that ostentatiously, serenely, brutally tours the land in his high-power motor, caring no jot for the inconveniences and injuries, for the fright and the righteous resentment which follow in his wake.

But our special interest concerns the grafter when he is sick. Ah then, how he comes into his own! How insistently he confuses selfishness and suffering! And what a pity it is that selfishness and suffering are so often united! The sick grafter at home puts under requisition every resource of comfort, time and loving attention, demands the most delicate of foods, commands quiet at the expense and interest of the household, extracts to the last drop the patience, kindness, generosity and forbearance of wife, nurse, physician, children. How suddenly does his sickness paralyze all normal, constructive routine of home life and, whether in home or hospital, how certainly does the grafter reveal his unworthy inner self. How certainly does he display the illness of his soul as his physical sickness lets loose the imps of impatience, selfishness, unreasonableness, self-pity! The grafter is usually an artist—a bungling one to be sure—but an artist in securing sympathy. He belongs to the "not understood folks!" The invalid grafter is always "the greatest of sufferers." "No one knows what I have gone through" and not being understood, "there

is no hope for me." How monotonously these themes with multiplied variations are sung into the ears of every physician and nurse! It is the attitude of graft in sickness, not the eroding cancer, the terrorizing delirium, not the ghastly tuberculosis nor the torturing neuralgias which make suffering a curse. In the multiplying and intensifying of the wretched smallnesses of self-love, sickness in humankind displays its most demoralizing ugliness. Health assuredly influences the attitude of most of us. There is a world of fair-weather good feeling, of sunny-day smiles, of June-day felicitations. It is normally easy to be cheerful in conditions of well-being. Sickness, however, is not necessarily suffering, though the graft of sickness means inevitable misery.

Human life was intended for happiness. If we are not happy, we are using life wrong. Happiness is found in the midst of poverty; happiness has resisted years of unjust misunderstandings. If one is not happy he wrongly blames life; he should scrutinize more deeply his use of it. Parents, teachers, friends, servants, the having or having not, the obtaining or failing, these cannot make us happy or unhappy save as we determine. Just in so far as we succeed in crowding fourteen hours of happiness into our day, have we escaped the attitude of the grafter, have we evolved the attitude of benevolence, have we succeeded in the business of living.

We must receive that we may give; we must give that we may receive the more. Life shrinks or grows with the meagerness or the fulness of our

giving. We must let go the lesser that we may grasp the larger. There is no painless education. The life which we now live so comfortably will ever stand as our high-water mark until we are willing to give up present satisfactions and replace them with more noble strivings. Would we know the best of life we must give our best to life. How often has this been exemplified in the truly great! Freely and confidently Socrates gave life for principle! Fully the Master gave his life for humanity! Infinitely regardless of death is the airman on the battle front as he flies forth to meet the enemy. With individual skill he may win five, ten, by chance fifty battles, but he knows the bullet has been molded which will dash him to his death. His attitude has long since discredited death. And while we may not pour forth great treasures of truth or sacrifice for human good, each of us, strong in his work, weak in his bed of illness, wealthy in the gold of the realm, or beneficiary of charity, in youth and in age, each has at all times something of helpfulness, whole-souledness, of geniality, thoughtfulness, of warmth, of kindly ignoring, of touch, or glance, or word to add to the present moment.

When the attitude of benevolence has become a master force we find that no pain has been so harassing, no experience so disturbing, that some joy memories have not been left. It is not necessary for the beneficent to discuss their religious beliefs, creeds or theories: for them, religion stands for nothing which can be expressed through argumentation, for it has all been said and much

more, through their lives of generosity. The answer of beneficent, peace-bearing, joy-filling, love-inspiring lives, to the searching question, "What are you giving the world?" is a practical, religious argument which theologic dogma can never shake. The attitude of benevolence ever speaks for smiling service, and in its very generosity life itself is made more generous. When the graft instinct has laid its shriveling touch upon the soul, the change which makes possible the development of the altruistic attitude must be a most fundamental one. Rarely this change may come as a flash in the darkness of the night—an enlightening of the understanding which reveals one's poverty of soul. More frequently through months and years of painstaking effort must we grow in the grace of generosity until the miserable self has been strangled out of existence. "What may I helpfully add to this occasion?," is a thought which if put into constant practice aids in this wholesome reconstruction. If, even when hearts are heavy and faces tearful, we hold fast aspiration and high resolve, the day must come when we can know the perfect joy of uttermost giving—that joy which has brought the brightness of noonday into midnight experiences of numberless benefactors of humanity, who as martyrs and mothers and missionaries, as doctors and nurses, and drudging toilers have given their best to the limit of human giving. Calvin was right; our futures are foreordained; supreme pleasure or torture are predestined. Suffering or serenity will be our lot, but ever dependent on our attitude toward all that

life brings. Let us know that the spirit of benevolence is a creative force stronger than any environment. Could we, having food and raiment, be therewith content, and like the Master give no heed to our never-sated physical cravings, how certainly the attitude of mankind would be transformed and how truly the Kingdom of Heaven would come into our midst.

## CHAPTER VIII

### HEALTH

*. . . be in health even as thy soul prospereth.*

There is a world of sickness. To the doctor and the nurse the very world itself is sick. Sickness is a condition few escape. We meet it either through experience or contact; and to the untutored the subject presents a perfect jungle of darkness and noisome possibilities. Sickness of body expresses itself in a large variety of manifestations. The human body is like a fine chronometer with its many delicately adjusted parts, disturbance of any one of which may throw the accurate workings of the instrument awry. Even more intricate are the adjustments of the mind, and most of us stand with bated breath in the presence of mental illness. But all classifications of sickness are utterly inadequate which do not include the sufferings of the soul.

Physical illness some time during life is a practically universal experience, old age itself becoming an inevitable illness if the years are sufficiently prolonged. The forces of nature seem ever waiting to thrust or strike, to crush, to infect, even to destroy; and many are and always will be their victims. It is quite impossible to believe that a state of such perfect adjustment will be reached

that no physical defects or deformities will be handed down from generation to generation. The great accidents of wealth and poverty will probably forever furnish classes either saturated with the disintegrating excesses of plenty or unprovided with a wholesome fulness of material living, in whom through damaging exposure, inadequate nutrition or the evils of unsanitary surroundings, sickness will be bred.

For a thousand generations disease was accredited to unknown evil influences. Superstition's vague, weird, fearsome answers were the only reply to the question, "Whence comes disease?" Superstition still answers this question for tribes and communities and a multitude of individuals. "Providential" is the answer of many whom we daily meet, an answer which has remained as a wedge unhappily separating science and religion. An honest, reasonable weighing of this matter will soon relieve Providence of the onus of the ills of the flesh, and will convincingly demonstrate that our physical selves are as subject to divine interference and divine indifference as the grass of the field, the trees in the forest, or the fish of the sea; that body of man and body of beast are equally subject to the destroying forces of Nature and to her protective laws. And the greatest of these laws is Nature's eternal truthfulness. In this, Nature expresses her divinity. The shark with equal satisfaction snaps the life of the drunken outcast or of the Bishop of the Diocese. In the railroad wreck the crashing forces with impartial truthfulness crush out the life of the negro porter

and of the railway president. When pestilence stalks the land the children of the king have no immunity superior to that of the peasant. Human flesh and blood are weighed impartially in the great scales of Nature's unequivocal accuracy. The distinction between bishop and vagabond, porter and president, prince and pauper will never be found in physical immunity to disease and disaster, but becomes instantly apparent when we realize the protective power given each individual through an understanding and a living knowledge of the inevitable dependableness of the laws of Nature, both as to health and disease.

Our closer view of this subject makes it apparent that to-day more of the sick are victims of ignorance than of misfortune. With store-rooms fairly bulging in their variety and plenty, our neighbor and our neighbor's neighbor are dying of slow starvation from the use of the wrong classes of food, keeping their systems saturated through the years with the poisons of overeating. Others equally ignorant, frequently conscientious and earnest, and entirely sincere in their efforts, slowly but truly poison the mind with an unceasing load of useless and ultimately disintegrating anxiety. The modern physician speaks most truly when he asserts that the greatest single cause of illness of body to-day is the imperfect balance between food and physical exercise; while the mental expert will, with equal assurance, assert that the most fertile soil for the development of mental illness is found in lives of unmitigated, carking care.

The science and art of modern medicine are so intricate and profound that universal expertness in all its branches is but a pretense. A mere outline, at best, of the laws of health, and too frequently a misleading one, is all that the average lay-mind assumes. Hence wisdom would dictate that your physician should early be made your efficiency expert in all matters pertaining to physical and mental well-being.

There is another class of the sick, a class which is an unsavory witness to the weakness of man's will. Though Nature be ne'er so kind and provide intellectual capacity of highest grade, and though the advantage of most sane medical counsel be available, there will remain many who in the face of these blessings will be sick, the victims of indulgence. The only child is too frequently a spoiled child; even in large families the desire to give pleasure for the moment, a willingness to dodge the issue or the situation, the satisfaction which parents find in sacrificing themselves for the pleasure of their children, combine to make the business of child-spoiling a common one. Indolence of mind and body, made so increasingly possible through the multiplication of modern wealth, accounts for a vast deal of the physical mushiness and mental flabbiness in so many young people who should be keenly climbing the heights of youthful inspiration. As household pets and social dolls, as cigarette-saturated loafers and hammock-swinging, French novel-reading incompetents, disease of body and mind finds in these classes an easy mark.

The desires of the flesh exact a mighty toll of disease and suffering through indulgence of the palate. In no great principle underlying health does the physician so constantly realize his impotence, does he make himself so quickly unpopular and find his wisest counsel so universally ignored, as when he attempts to teach the rational use of food and drink. For all too many the want of what "I want" becomes an obscuring want, a want insistently translated as a "need."

Physical sickness in its multiform expressions appeals to most of us as one of the sternest and most dreaded of realities. And the one who does not accept it as an affliction, who has not, temporarily or chronically, bowed to it as master, is exceptional. The thoughtful physician, however, gradually realizes that as true sickness, physical disabilities and afflictions, and even disasters, have but an evanescent hold upon the soul itself. Spend a day in a home for the blind where, through a wise routine, the discipline of productive industry is enforced, and note the happy contentment radiating from these unseeing faces. Associate yourself with a family of normally trained, industrious mutes, isolated as they are, from the great chorus of the world's speech through their deafness, and feel the cheer that fairly flashes from their nimble, flying fingers. How persuasive is the appeal of the contented cripple who, because of his very inadequacy, has to work longer hours and more laboriously than others. What is the message of these hopelessly defective? Most of us think of tuberculosis only as a producer of

weakness and suffering, of wretchedness—as almost repelling. Beethoven, Chopin, Mrs. Browning, Keats, Edison, despite their suffering, wrought on through their productive years, giving forth messages of cheer, comfort, beauty and utility; giving freely their best that humanity might be richer.

Is health a physical thing? Real sickness comes when we surrender. Real sickness enters life only when we give up to the powers of gloom. When we accept the creed that "life is a sad, solemn, sorrowful, sinkhole of sin and suffering," then we are sick. One invites such illness when he allows the love of ease to become the clutch of disease. When he surrenders to the sordid commonness of self-seeking he falls out of harmony with the eternal law of love, which is health. We are sick when we hourly or daily surrender to the irritating, the monotonous, the defeating circumstances, "the inevitables." When circumstances become our master, then are we ill! The only truly sick person in this life is he of the sick soul. The suffering body is ever an opportunity for the soul to claim its own and to rise above the morbid, to stand superbly superior to that lesser self which would dominate life from start to finish. One may roll in physical luxury, and be universally despised. Another is powerful in muscle, but a selfish coward in the use of his strength. Still another may be a Crœsus in this world's goods, but a miser in spirit, and wretched. Or, learned in all that the university can teach, the pedant may remain an empty fool in the art of gladsome living.

Aches, pains, broken bones, fevers, infections may incapacitate, but are incapable of reducing true manhood and womanhood to sickness.

Does it not appear that frailness of body can never overcome supremacy of the spirit? Throughout the centuries Religion's supreme contention has been that the soul is greater than the body. Nearly one thousand years ago the godly St. Bernard saw this truth, and his "Nothing can hurt me save myself" must ever be a truism for lives knowing soul-health. In the face of this inspiring conviction the spirit soars clear, untouched by poverty, by plainness of feature, by dulness of speech, by lack of intellectual brilliancy, by social deflections, or by physical ills great and small. All of these, and more, are obliterated by contentment, cheer, sympathy, patience, modesty and serenity.

Would we be well? Then let us accept, as we should fate, the externals ever beyond our control. But within is the eternal choice between the grouch and the smile, despair and cheer; an eternal option between the whine and the ringing, hopeful voice, between degrading surrender and the fight in the last ditch. Fretful hours will come. There are so many fretting things to fret us. But when domestic affairs are all a-tangle; when servants are incompetent or unobtainable; when finances take wings and you are misunderstood, when "all has gone wrong," then you can go out into the cool night and look up into the eternal heavens and hear the serene stars chide, "So hot, my little man!" And you loosen your collar to drink in the

restfulness of those abiding eyes of the night and message back, "No, I am not hot. The calmness of eternity is again in my veins." Such is the supremacy of the soul over all that life may bring. Brierly has so well said it: "A heart at rest in God keeps the blood in circulation; helps you to breathe freely, gives relish to your daily bread; makes your sleep sound, floods your nature with the sunshine in which it grows and thrives. This faith does not ask for impossibles. It accepts the human conditions. It knows you cannot be cured of being seventy years old, but it knows that old age and death are God-given conditions."

Health of soul thrives best under cultivation. Then let us let the sunshine in. There is so much sickness that needs the antiseptic of cheerfulness —for cheerfulness is the greatest disinfectant of mental infections yet discovered. Buoyancy and cheerfulness are not frivolity. There is a wearisome cackle of shallow lives which means nothing, or at best thinly veils a mirthless life. Buoyancy is the sanest form of seriousness. We recall Mark Twain's wholesome philosophy as he kindly rebuked a sad, long-faced some one with "If at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again." And fail again and again we shall before we finally win. But the cheerful outlook upon the grim situation constitutes the only genuine seriousness, and is one of the surest signs of sane health. None of us but may put in our future days less of the whine and more of real cheer; less of fault-finding and more of good feeling; less of wailing at fate and more of willingness that those about us shall share

the best we have. The real benefits of education could be reduced to a sentence. True education develops the ability to put ourselves in another's place; it leads us out of ourselves till we understand the writings of this author, the dreamings of this poet, the need of our community, the canker-worm in the heart of our neighbor—some need in each life we touch. How good to meet one so educated! Whether the learning came through seminary or college, or the forge and anvil, it gives a knowledge of the full or empty lives of man, woman and child. It inspires a quick willingness to respond and to forget self.

Hospitals and resorts are flocking-full of health-seekers whose only object is to get well—and the health won for health's sake alone must fail to satisfy. To be well that we may be efficient is worthy of the effort; but the health miser is no better than he who hoards his musty gold. Health is a talent to be put out at usury, to be put to work in the magnificent factory of the world to do its share of humanity's great task. So in addition to cultivating buoyancy of spirit, generosity must grow and wax strong within the soul before it can know robustness of health; generosity in its large sense, which gives of self freely. A Yale instructor was accosted early one winter morning by a poor man whose hands were bare and blue and cold, and he gave him his mittens. Mr. Instructor had little of this world's goods, and consequently went through the winter with his hands in his pockets. One of his students in writing of him afterward said: "This act was a small bit

of generosity for him; his real generosity was that he gave us of himself; his patience when we did not do our best. His personal interest was for each of us. His generosity made us better men."

The weakening, unworthy, unmanly acceptance of many of the prevalent forms of invalidism, the maudlin pity, popular and rampant, for aches and minor ills and indispositions, which a healthy self-respect, which a small degree of refinement would instinctively hide as beneath the worth of expression, need to be neutralized in the lives of the majority, by the pride of health. An aristocracy of wholesomeness would thus be created which would ultimately prove an immense force, conserving time and sympathy, increasing efficiency and self-respect, inspiring masterful living, and assuring soul-growth, as would few other reformations. Develop a pride in your health and do not listen to your symptoms, save as they are a warning which directs you to expert advice. Such pride will laugh into nothingness the demoralizing whisperings of fear, and if, perchance, the physical worst does come, it will assure the health of soul that descends not to the weariness of complaint; that meets the suffering of pain with the fortitude which is of the soldier; that accepts the inevitable, incapacitating though it may be, with a sense that the inevitable's worst is but a transient thing in the face of which the soul can smile.

## CHAPTER IX

### HINDRANCES

*Who did hinder you that you should not obey the truth?*

Lacking in imagination or understanding is the man who, looking upon the mountain heights, has felt no thrill of desire. These majestic piles—these serene, unchanging guardians of valley and plain—eternal sentinels ever on duty storing energy to be used by future generations, magnetically draw the iron in red blood. Who would live his life through and not respond to this call?

The mountains may be literal ones, veritable masses of granite or pyramids of lava, or the more inevitable mountains of difficulty which no life approximating the normal can avoid. To mount higher! How naturally this desire comes to us all! And there are none but have, in some way, responded to this challenge. There is a symbolism in the thought of ascent which lays hold on even the careless pleasure-seekers who set their wits to work that they may know the mountain heights. But for them the pain of effort must be avoided; hence by cog-road or mule-back they taste unearned pleasures, and unearned, the savor so sought will ever be insipid; moreover, they add to the burdens of life's workers even as do the unde-

veloped, the defectives, and the selfishly wealthy. How different the world, how different our own household or neighborhood would be if each of us utilized his own strength for the honest carrying of his own load.

The mass of mankind seeks the mountain heights by way of the trail which other hands have made. Standing beside this trail the onlooker sees company after company of the burden-carriers—earnest toilers—seriously, cheerfully, hopefully and trustingly wending their way upward. But how came the trail? In all ages it has been given the few to try unscaled heights, to attempt untried ascents. These, leaving friends and companions, have broken through the tangle of the pathless mountain forests; have cut new paths to surmount cliff and precipice; have found new ways from crest to peak. Prophets, inventors, poets, leaders, we have to thank for every upward path.

There is none so clear of vision, so agile, so impetuous, so strong of limb but the mountain climb holds back, wearies to the point of rest, causes to pause, to take bearings, and examine the trail. There is no life so well ordered, so sturdily lived, but has its hindrances. There is no great onward and upward movement but has its periods of delay. We humanly tend to blame the surroundings for our lack of progress, to place the responsibility of our difficulties upon things external to ourselves. Many have never known the satisfaction of putting under foot even moderate mountain-tops because they have never made the preparatory sacrifices necessary to get the body in trim; they have never

been willing to put aside the days of luxuriating ease, and get muscle, diaphragm and heart in condition to safely master even the mountains of small difficulty. How inane, how pitiful indeed is their excuse! What a contrast to the many who, apparently lacking even the physical necessities for a comfortable life in the low country, have successfully scaled the steepest mountain-sides of human experiences. Did Milton, during those months of acute physical pain, as one eye, then the other was lost in the night of blindness, find strength of purpose in intensity of suffering? How else, hopelessly handicapped as he was, can we account for the prodigious mental expenditures evidenced in his immortal writings?

Count Zichy loved music and he played well. The bursting of his gun lost him his right arm. Was he not face to face with the mountains of impossibility in the realization of his ambition in piano artistry? Not so this noble spirit. The single left hand became so expert, and the soul of the man was so pervasive that for years he gave concerts for beneficent causes throughout Europe, and the best composers of the century created anew that his ability might find full musical scope. Count Zichy gave to the world a higher standard of left hand technic, thus bettering all piano work.

Ulysses S. Grant was living in a cabin eking out a simple existence, farming and hauling wood to town for sale, when the great war of the States with its countless difficulties called him. What he overcame as a military leader has been repeatedly

recounted. But no one knew the true Grant until, in his old age, after he had tasted the highest honors his country and an admiring world could bestow, he found himself penniless through the rascality of a business associate—and not only penniless but the victim of an incurable disease, one of the most painful known to human flesh. Did Grant send out a call of distress and beg the ease of a palanquin to cross these unexpected mountain ranges? So far from this was his response to the challenge, that out of his dying months the world received his "Memoirs" written by his own pen, and accounted by scholars as among the finest examples of pure English of the last century. These Memoirs he had refused for years to write until the need of family and the call of creditors made the earning of dollars the call of honor.

When our days taste a bit brackish, when the clouds hang low about our souls and the worthlessness of self and the uselessness of life are tempting thoughts, how certainly the taste may be sweetened, how surely the sunshine returns, and how clearly is the falseness of pessimism revealed if we will but forget our morbid selves in re-reading the wholesome messages of Robert Louis Stevenson. When we think of him turning from lifelong literary companions whose stimulation and inspiration would seem so essential to high literary effort, not only turning away but apparently losing himself among untaught children of nature on the opposite side of the globe; when we think of the beauty of his spirit growing even as his

lung tissue was melting away under disease, who presumes to say that physical handicap can keep us from the mountain heights?

If we are to climb surely, and wish certainly to reach the peaks of beautiful promise, we must look well to our baggage and we must be clothed in that which will stand the wear and tear of rough usage. The sun beats down hot, while the night on the mountain-side is chill—and many never pass the foot-hills because they are inadequately clad for the journey. Others are cluttered with the trappings of show; life is so much a matter of what they wear, and what they wear is so influenced by vanity and conceit that existence degenerates into pretense. In attempting this journey no single element hinders progress like the pride which makes possible illy-shod feet. To-day the sculptor must seek his models among the lowly, for the feet of aristocracy must be hidden. Often the bluer the prized blood the less of red iron it carries which is able to answer to the magnetic grip of the iron-hearted mountains.

Food the climber must have. Ample room must be left for it in his knapsack. And yet, how many of us go through life carrying useless food burdens, the burdens of digestive disturbance, of pains and neuralgias galore, because we choose the food for our journey unwisely, ignoring the age-old teaching of our guide, that he only makes the journey comfortably and easily and surely who carries with him simple food and leaves behind the luxuries.

A Harvard athlete, a youth of remarkable phys-

ical proportions and development, was transplanted to the mountains of North Carolina. He had lived in the midst of plenty in the past, with every want satisfied. He looked with disdain on the far-off ridge of bluish haze and ridiculed the expedition to the top of the Craggies as "boy's sport." He was truly conspicuous and good to look upon as he strode forth bare-armed and bare-headed, a perfect young Saxon giant. The remainder of the party knew the mountains and were dressed and equipped for the trip. Each carried a knapsack with his share of the provisions. Twenty miles to the foot, which was reached early in the afternoon: then five miles of stiff climbing—for orders had been given to go straight up! And it takes a man to go straight up Craggy! Soon the tangle of the heartless bramble, the interwoven laurel and rhododendron, and the relentless rays of the afternoon sun turned the fair skin of the young giant's arms into scratches and splotches of bleeding red. A call for help could not long be delayed. The proffered sweater was not an unmitigated joy, though accepted for protection. From his vainglorious position in the van he soon dropped behind, and later could keep the track of the rest of the party only through repeated callings. Finally he shouted an appeal that some one help him with his load! Only the condescending kindness of his associates kept him from being left, confused and helpless. As it was, he reached the top nearly an hour behind the slowest of his companions. At supper time when the provisions were opened,

his cans of fruit were found to be empty, his sheepish excuse being that he was "perishing for water." The chill of the mountain made him an eager sharer of another's blanket. He had disdained such feminine comforts and would have suffered severely had he not humbly crawled under the generous protection which his benefactor had carried from home to the top.

How prone we are in preparing for our journey upward to crowd our baggage with more or less of the trash of life, every pound of which means prolonged expenditure of effort. Of how little use is the trashy novel! We throw it away when read and have nothing in its place. How much better a few good books which we can read and read again and which have for all of the party a message which inspires. The most reprehensible of all trash is the silver-topped flask. We are so ever-ready to reach out for the false strength, too cheap, so convenient, which has proven in the end a most damaging hindrance to the progress of many of the world's best.

The choice of trail must be considered. We hear many asking, "Which is the easiest trail to the top?" The easy trail is not the trail up. In youth particularly are we apt to choose the way of easy grades. How much less effort to go down than to ascend! How slow we all are in learning the invaluable lesson of life—the realization that endurance is won only by the overcoming of hindrances. The right path is always away from the valley of comfort and plenty. The right path is always up, and requires that a bit of effort be

put into each step. The trail is not always clear. Many false trails have been started by those who have tired of the ever-ascending way; or the trail itself becomes dim. We are confused. Life unquestionably demands that now and then we pause and assure ourselves past all question that we are on the right road. At these times Fear would persuade us that we are lost, that we are off the trail; we are then tempted to listen to the whisper of Cowardice that every road down leads to the Valley of Ease. Or again, the trail seems to end abruptly against the Cliffs of Difficulty. Health fails, business ventures go to smash, troubles mount before us—veritable precipices thrown across our way by Fate to bar us from the Heights of Happiness. And Faith seems to be breaking. These are times which test the soul of man—times when there seems to be nothing left, but

> ". . . close-lipped patience for our only friend
> Sad patience, too near neighbor to despair."

And the cliffs do present obstacles and dangers which try the best of man's ingenuity and courage. It is here that he who overcomes must go forward seeking the Path of Truth, finding which, even though he go to his death, he is saved.

But our bodies, our baggage, and the trail we travel are minor elements in their power to accomplish our defeat when compared with the hindrances of our inner selves. How utterly helpless are we on the mountain-side if we know neither whence we came nor the goal we seek; if we have

no map or compass, or having them are ignorant of their use! There are places in the journey where we must follow or be lost. The sun or the eternal pole-star, the law of God, the leadings of some master must be accepted or we perish through our ignorance. And how Worry with its overadequate provision for future trouble impedes our foot-steps! The mountaineer laughs at the parasol, the overshoes, the rain-coat and the umbrella with which worrying natures burden themselves for the climb! Then again Fear robs our adventure of its worth! What a miserable journey it is when each crooked tree-root represents a lurking serpent; when each stone harbors creeping, crawling, stinging things; when the recesses of the distance are peopled with vicious, moving shapes; when the burden of the day's thought is the dread of a sleepless night—sleeplessness which can be no more certainly assured than by the hours of mental preparation through anticipation!

Few attempt the first ascent alone. Experienced guides are available. The history of man would have been changed had youth ever followed the precepts of wisdom! The time should come when, with our accumulated experience, we may plan our own journey, but in our earlier trips obedience to the guide may mean the difference between achievement and disaster. There are unquestioned joys of disobedience, but hospitals and penitentiaries and almshouses and the gutters of the slums are peopled with those who are drinking the dregs of this cup. The most pathetic of

all mountain climbing is the knowledge that one is lost and may perish alone. We have heard a voice of anguish in the mountains—not the cry of physical pain, of want or hunger or cold—but the cry of despair of one who was lost, who alone in the darkness was frenziedly seeking camp.

Cheerful obedience is a real tonic to the spirits of all the company. Small souls are easily defeated; small souls living for self are unable to think first of the good of the crowd and early add the tiresome burden of their complaint. They are "foot-sore"; they are "thirsty"; they are "tired"! And complaints multiply, only to detract from the common happiness. The one who has not the ability to turn the inevitable annoyances of the mountain trip into jollity has no place in a party of climbers. The mountainside is a sorry place for the weak of will, and the lower levels are peopled with failures due alone to indolence. The joys of the mountain-top are for those who have cheerfully and resolutely carried their burdens and done their share and earned their reward.

Yet it is the lot of many men and women to make the journey up bereft of companions, to ascend alone or not at all. How isolated the lone traveler appears as he toils upward. Great men and great women have faced this solitude and without a cry of despair, without a wail for help, have won the top. For is not one sure promise theirs? At the mountain-top are they not certain to find companions of their own kind, as there all the upward trails finally end? And those whom we greet,

when at last the summit is reached, are of the best. This companionship, however, is but one of the joys that comes to the soul of man when for the first time he looks out upon the vast sea of granite waves; as he looks down on the silver-gold backs of the clouds, the world of man's making lost to all vision; when he feels in his veins the exhilaration of victory; when he feels thrilling within, the answer to the call of the years, the call to mastery not alone of things, but of self.

# CHAPTER X

## COMPLAINING

*I complained and my spirit was overwhelmed.*

Each day is a making or a breaking. Every year of life we add to the welfare and wealth of character, home, and community, or we deface, disorganize, demolish somewhat of good. Each life is either one of creating or of destroying. It may not be gross vandalism that marks the trail of the individual's days; indeed, it is rarely through burnings and thievings and maimings that man engraves his record—but some way, somehow, each one creates an atmosphere. Raiment and trained facial expression are entirely inadequate to successfully mask the character which eventually will unwittingly show forth what we truly are. From the atmosphere of our presence is ever emanating either the incense which stimulates more beautiful living, or noxious vapors which stifle the ever struggling good. If selfish comfort is our objective in existence, no art can effect this attainment without a neglect which means the smothering of wholesome possibilities in others. But if our neighbor's need and worthy comfort and inherent rights are considered on a par with our own, and we give even as we would receive,

then are we creators. And in this conception of brotherhood do we not find the very heart of righteousness?

How much of life is involved in our touch with others! This relationship is so vital that wisdom bids us scrutinize its quality narrowly, from time to time. What is your spontaneous thought toward others? Do you instinctively reach out for those elements in the stranger through which your spirit may blend with his? Is the deep want of your heart to be, toward all, that which is comprised in the beautiful word—friend? Are you ever alert to add the unselfish element to each relationship, so that the miraculous chemistry of friendship may be untrammeled? Have you long since resolved in your soul that each greeting, whether in the brisk business world, or in suave society, or in household happenings, shall be brightened by some expression of that better self within? Possibly no resolution can be made which, if kept, so certainly assures joy of living, and when we count its cost in personal effort, how minor the investment! Does such a giving not represent the seed sown which brings forth thirty, sixty, and even an hundred-fold? How different the harvest which comes from the questioning, suspicious attitude, the forerunner of enmity! The best feelings quickly hide themselves when assailed by the elements of discord. The resentment is instinctive which wells up in the face of questionings and doubtings. The destroying force of enmity is equalled only by the inspiring power of friendship.

What vast wastes of rocky barrens and desert emptiness are traversed in man's experience as a result of his disagreements. What a simile of human relationship we see in the well-populated barnyard at feeding time. All is friendly cluckings and quackings and crowings till something mutually desired is thrown into the midst. Then presto! the din of small rioting is let loose. Why has our higher civilization not more profoundly emphasized the productiveness of agreement? What life would not have been more profitable, have not attained a higher stratum of development, had the time, the energy, the beauty frittered away in hours and days of narrow self-assertion, been utilized in attaining self-forgetting generosity? Who can compute the waste of useless quarreling? The workman is out of sympathy with his employer; the minister complains of his congregation's unresponsive attitude; the surgeon is impatient with the edge of his scalpel; the gamester inveighs against the turn of the cards; the boarder resents the monotony of his dinners; the student sulks about the length of his lessons; the artist decries the taste of the public; the merchant protests against the competition of modern methods; some mothers murmur at the responsibilities of motherhood. Do we not find in the constant loss of good, which is the penalty of the almost universal attitude of damagingly expressed disagreement, the underlying reason for much of the world's enmity?

How inveterate the complaining habit even in those who would be accredited our best citizens.

The World's teeth are set on edge and kept on edge by the great stream of destructive acidity which not only the selfish, but the thoughtless, pour into the well-spring of life. And what a variegated procession of complainers we meet! It may be those who murmur, those whose subdued objections are without strength or spirit, who, because they know not better, rob their surroundings of the sunlight of comfort, rob their working days of the inspiration of contentment. Others are mere fussers who complain of trifles—and what a yelping chorus it is! No discomfort is too small to excite their vehemence, no occasion so sacred as to check the flow of their plaints. The harmony of home is an ideal unknown to those who are willing to iterate and reiterate the mistakes of omission and commission made by loved ones. And, when illness lays its discomforting touch upon the fusser, how hopeless are the forthcoming efforts of attention and care to elicit kindliness of thinking or graciousness of expression.

Every crowd has its grumbler—he who in surliness contemplates each event, and like the ruts and rocks and dust of the roadway, makes the journey uncomfortable. Five delicately prepared dishes grace his dinner-board, but "The salad-dressing lacks snap" and the salad course alone is the grumbler's text. A family of Americans was making the trip down the legendary Rhine. The day was warm, a waiter was called and ice-cream ordered. "No ice-cream!" And thereupon the whole family, from sire to youngster, de-

voted itself to an increasingly comprehensive complaint of all things "foreign," of the inconveniences of European travel, and the fundamental limitations of all minds not American. An insignificant disappointment, the inability to supply an absolutely unnecessary want—and the beauties of the Rhine went "glimmering." Castles, cathedrals, historic land-marks, the cradles of art and music and statesmanship were unnoted; beauties physical and historical, inspiring sights, alone worthy a trip abroad, were unnoted in the chorus of grumblings stirred up by the inability to indulge in a few spoonfuls of ice-cream.

As the child emerges from the protecting arms of mother, grandmother and nurse, we expect it to whine as its tender self feels the early bumps upon the corners of reality. But how can we respect the weak, childish complaints of whining men and women—complaints covering those discomforts which have long since passed into the oblivion of the unnoticed in lives which have evolved out of childhood? A group of the destroyers of harmony is constituted by these, whose wearisome, pettish objections greet each call of duty and are their devitalizing answers to the knock of opportunity. Then there are those who cavil, whose frivolous carpings annoy, even though they cannot destroy the efforts of well-doing; no message of statesman or President escapes the qualifications of their endorsement—qualifications inevitably rooted in the smallness of self. No book but, to hear them, suffers from the lack of their editorship. Do not attend a concert with

a caviler unless you wish to be kept "on pins and needles" by his discordant solo of disagreement with the "mannerisms of the conductor," "the weakness of the basses," "the blare of the brasses," "the inanity of the interpretations." How like living with an unhealing, festering sore within, to so interpret life. And a step from cavil is cynicism, a step downward. The cynic finds his unholy happiness in laying his tarnishing hands upon the conceptions of virtue, goodness, idealism, the soul and its aspirations, the heart and its purest loves, the mind in its struggle for truth—these and all grace and trust and beauty are cynicism's victims. The habit of looking for faults, of finding the fault that we may hide behind it, using it as an excuse, as a weapon of offense, utilizing wrong as an opportunity to more deeply hurt the wrong-doer, are some of the almost universal and serious effects which are the harvest of the seed-sowing of complaint.

The absurdity and waste of complaint are evident when we consider the hourly objections to be heard of the weather. The broker in his stuffy, city office is growling at Providence because of the dust and heat and swelter, for all of which the same Providence has been most devoutly importuned by the rural population of his state, that wheat and oats, the next year's food for man and beast, may be safely harvested. In the great maple-sugar camps there is rejoicing and activity and the promise of rich profit when, in the warm February weather, the unleashed sap bursts upward, as though eager to be converted into the

golden essence of sweetness. This same thaw fairly drowns the rivers and snatches away in a night the winter's work of the lumbermen. How unceasing the droning of complaints about temperature and rain and shine, our food, our clothes, the conduct of kith and kin—not always dronings, however, for almost vicious is the frenzy of many to reconstruct their "folks" and friends. How obsessed are these to convert others to their own obviously inadequate ways of living and thinking. How industrious in reform are many of the least reformed!

Faults we all have and, indeed, too often do we pass the years heedless of habits which detract and even offend, but the complainer is keen to see, and quickly recognizes his own faults, when expressed in other lives, and much of intolerance arises from resentment of that in others which we placidly allow in ourselves. As we analyze complaint, does it not stand out clearly that in magnifying the fault and ignoring the virtue we violate the psychologic law of helpful suggestion? And is it not true that complaints are proverbially ineffective and fault-finders universally lacking in influence? The complainer unquestionably wields a certain power, but truly, is it not an example of the destructiveness of the lower forms of force? The child frequently uses his developing strength in rending to pieces his playthings, in tearing up books and pictures, in the mutilating and killing of helpless insects—expressions of power, yes, but how immature! And is not the nature that is eternally picking to pieces and rending and dis-

abling through criticism but an example of the spiritually undeveloped? The complainer ever has power which he uses to divert attention from the best and, lacking higher expressions of ability, many so spend their lives. The habit of complaint has its root in the acceptance of fault and weakness and evil and the disagreeable, as the influences which most actively attract the interest; herein is the essential defect, for even though criticism may never be voiced, the adverse estimate drops into the subconscious another thread to determine the texture of the character. As certainly as the tide rises will habits of thought, consciously, or otherwise, be tinctured by the subconscious—and the sick subconscious is the origin of our murky moods.

Let no word which has been said be accepted as an advocacy for a saccharine, spineless life of omniacquiescence. From childhood's first instinctive remonstrance to the sage counsel of ripened age, the protest has its right, its duty. Inane, truly, would be any "wishy-washy" existence which, amœba-like, but oozed and floated in its little mill-pond. There is a time and a place when the protest should ring out, clarion-clear and fearless. For those in authority, the duty of protest is frequently heavy. For all, in the presence of real wrong, and when raised in behalf of weakness and the objects of neglect, emphatically the neglect of others, the protest is imperative. But a wrong method will instantly degrade protest into irritable complaint, or common resentment. A clear statement of the case, expressed with temperance

and conviction, and a fairness which recognizes the merit first and then the error, gives to the protest a relentless righteousness which must ultimately prove convincing and effective.

The immaturity of the child or of the savage—which is the form that makes possible the complaining self? And how clearly narrow-minded are they who aim their shafts of destructive criticism at those institutions which have added wholesomeness, richness and beauty to moral living. How hollow the carpings of one who, reading the Biblical story of Jonah and unable to accept its portrayal of that unfortunate's three days' interneship, decries the Book of Books as a worthless guide and turns away from its pages of promise and inspiration and benediction. Equally defective are those who discredit the Church because of its unworthy members. Is it not mockery to attempt to pollute that "well of living waters," which the Church has been to generations, by splashing it with mud from the shallow puddles of cynicism and conceit?

Would we cure our complaining? We usually find it of lusty growth and are tempted to trim it into less conspicuous proportions. Better conventions, higher breeding, Chesterfieldian imitations—all tend to keep down its rankness of growth, in fact may prune it quite close. Trimming the branches but strengthens the roots. It is only through a vitally changed attitude which introduces the moral element into our ethics that we can destroy the root of complaint. When we look into a countenance and feel that it is lightened

by the "vision splendid," then we know that we have met one who has passed beyond the lowlands of complaint, whose soul has ascended to those heights which catch the first and hold the last ray of each day's light. We feel that we are in the presence of one who knows whole-souled living, within whom the larger self has outgrown the power of externals to influence. Such a soul sees life through great principles, and looking through the actual lowly ever realizes the ideal magnificent. Would we reach this highland of vantage? We shall feel the steadiness of our progress thither when we successfully will to let no day pass without recognizing the beautiful in other lives, the goodness in the hearts that are near, and the truth in Nature's lessons even as they disappoint and buffet and antagonize.

## CHAPTER XI

### SUFFERING

*And whether one member suffers, all the members suffer with it.*

How did it first enter your life? Were you four years old, and your mother sick? Were you sent into the country, eager and excited, and captivated by the ride on the train and the drive along the country road, all so new and so different from the happenings which had come before? And then the supper of strange food served in strange dishes! And while the evening chores were being done and the evening shadows lengthened, you first realize the strangeness, the loneliness of it all—and home and mother and brothers, the father who but a few hours before kissed you "Good-by" at the station, all seem so hopelessly distant—and you slip out into the deepening twilight, too proud to let strange eyes see the pain which is drawing the face you hide as you lean against the woodshed struggling to gulp back the rising sobs which are fairly choking you with their grip upon your throat. Was it in the misery of homesickness your childish nature first wrestled with the great problem of suffering? In this way or in some way it early comes to all, inexorable in its inevitableness as the Fates of the ancients. Out of the pain of this first separation, of course,

came the knowledge that other hearts are kind, that gentleness, and love for little ones is strong in other homes; that in the big farm house, in the wonderful farmyard menageries and the mysterious woods beyond, are thrilling and joyous experiences and adventures; and that one can have brimming days of fun and be almost happy away from Mother. But we learn great truths slowly, and so live on with the pain of disappointment obscuring many childhood days.

We are more worldly wise at fifteen. And yet the great preparations which have been made by our neighbor's mother for the birthday party, promising wonderful things to eat and a dazzling array of new dresses with gorgeous sashes and ribbons and the vision of a rollicking evening of games and social joys with the best of the youth of the neighborhood, and the certain presence of that certain one who has added a new glow to all life's experiences, hold our fancy captured. But when, with this joyous dream of anticipation, the days pass and your invitation does not come, how inevitably life and the whole business of living go dark, your disappointment becomes a tragedy of suffering and no suggestion of social inequality of mothers can brighten this darkness. For there are and always will be injustices wrapped up in social distinctions.

We proudly speak of ourselves as mature when we enter into the building of our own home, as we step out to fight our way to success in the business world, when we become earners and supporters and home-makers. But how certainly is that term

"maturity" to be put to a test, the acid test, by suffering. The little life so promising, so innocent, so helpless, so perfectly fulfills its mission of developing big, new, unselfish loves. There is a gruesome knocking, and the little face turns in response—and never again looks back. Sudden, apparently needless, unnatural! Yes, here is suffering for the bereft parents that will test, to the uttermost, fortitude, faith, and gentleness of heart and all else that goes to make up sterling human character.

A new variety of suffering for each season of life! It would seem that, with the ripeness of age, suffering would have spent itself and have nothing new to inflict. Yet what of poor old Lear? Literature paints few pictures of more acute pain than that of this proud old man driven to fierce madness through heartless mistreatment by his own blood. "To have a thankless child, how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is." Does it not appear that from the dawn to the sunset of consciousness there is no day in which the anguish of suffering may not enter life? A thoughtful moment, and one must realize that any experience so inevitable, so universal, so ever-impending must bear a profound message to our race. But what a weird variety of interpretations has this message received from religion, from philosophers, from ourselves and our neighbors.

The stab of physical pain is generally expressed in terms of suffering. From the pessimist's standpoint no more perfect arrangement of sensitive organs, of vulnerable pain areas, of tissues

which can fairly scream out in their agony, could have been conceived than the human body. And truly but a tissue-thickness separates pleasure and comfort and enjoyment from smart and ache and rack and torture of sensation. "Given to us as a warning," one may answer—"As a protection against more grievous ills." So be it, all too often pain descends upon our luckless bodies, not as a temporary discomfort but in the form of some chronic disease, such a disease

> "As has no end in view, that makes of life
> One weary avenue of darkened days
> The bitter darkness growing darker still
> Which none can share nor soothe."

Truly when one looks down a vista of bed-fast years—companion of the rack of relentless pain—paralyzed by the frailty of perverted organs, a prisoner hopelessly jailed by disease, one so enthralled may worthily speak of suffering.

But even louder may the mind cry out in its wretchedness; with more piercing voice may it claim Sympathy's attention when, wearied and exhausted and hopeless, it counts its multiplied anxieties; when it is obsessed by joy-wrecking imagination, instant to inject its disturbing questions into every thought or hope or plan for pleasure. How wretched to live with a mind that will not let loose its memory of disappointments, that ever and anon reiterates its wail of misery-bearing experiences! Sane or insane, the mind is capable of crowding into every minute something that makes of life finally but a gray, dead weight of hours.

The depths of suffering, however, are known only when the soul, the torch-bearer of eternal hope, the armor-bearer of faith in the immortal and the everlasting, the swordbearer of truth, the garland-bearer of love divine—when the soul sickens; then truly are the dregs of suffering being drunk.

Every day of life would woo us with its pledges; every new minute is portentous with its promise of novelty; but to every life comes foreordained and calculated refusal. Suffering is universal, not individual. Our full deserts of reward and penalty never come to us individually, they are shared by the mass of humanity. Truly these facts point to the essential unity of mankind. One ignores a thousand laws of physical well-being and mental stability with impunity and enjoys other thousands of unmerited pleasures and comforts. You are strong and robust in body and clear and wholesome in mind, the gift of a sturdy, worthy grandsire; I shiver and stammer and mewl through my years in expiation of the gorgeous high living of a forebear. I might have been as you but for his excesses. Can we not see with what uncompromising earnestness the great Maker has wrought in human nature for essential unselfishness? We cannot gainsay that suffering is for all the children of men, but without argument we may assume that ignorance and selfishness create a vast deal of the world's anguish, unnecessarily. The fundamentally practical question is, "How shall I use this experience?"

Suffering has been called the curse of existence —and curse it does to the very depths. Few ex-

periences so quickly undermine accuracy of expression. Even the minor pains of daily bumps and aches are prone to occasion overstatement. Is it not evidence of the abnormality of pain that we are so wont to exaggerate it, and so tenacious of its memory? But the tendency of suffering to excite hyperbole often defeats the very object of such mis-statement. The kindest of sympathy ultimately refuses to give its best self to the endless, "untellable agony" and "excruciations" of the headaches, toothaches, backaches of the self-pitying. Imagination plays so large a part in suffering that multitudes of minor ills are magnified into mountainous proportions, even as the spectator often suffers manyfold more through his sympathetic imaginings than the victim of the accident or the patient in the operating chair. One of the weaknesses of civilized refinement is the hypersensitiveness which distorts minor hurts and aches and pains and discomforts into most untruthful disproportion.

Nature is stern; she is also kind. In spite of lurid adjectives of excess, of descriptive pages of writhing anguish, she limits physical suffering most mercifully. The mists of unconsciousness close the senses to pain when it reaches a certain intolerable acuteness—even the gnawing fangs of dread cancer gradually become dulled by use. It is rare that the experienced physician actually meets the popular "intolerable," "unbearable" suffering. Much of ease and the multiplication of comforts have rewarded the progress of civilization. But misuse of these is most certainly effemi-

nating, and comforts may create cowardice. In the very avoidance of the disagreeable we but accentuate our liability to discomfort; in our very insistence upon ease we increase the certainty of disease; in our eagerness to muffle the warning whisperings of pain we lose the very protection which may save us later from the uncontrollable cries of suffering.

Few to-day know practically the wisdom of developing the capacity for suffering; we prefer to live in a fool's paradise refusing to acknowledge the inevitability of its visitation. On the contrary we even augment our susceptibility by making our ills the tiresome center of our converse, utilizing the genial "How are you" as an hourly opportunity to descant on corns, or joints, or throats, or eyes, on nerves and stomachs, on itches and aches and ailments, on our susceptibility to draughts and cold feet, on "I can't eat this," or "I love that, but it doesn't love me." How more adroitly increase one's propensity to discomfort than by keeping it before the attention by such wearisome reiterations? What a tonic to meet those rare persons who are always "Tip-top," "Feeling fine," "Never better, thank you," "Bully!"

But discrepancies in accuracy of feeling or an increasingly defective preparation for the suffering that will come, constitute but lesser degrees of the curse of suffering which only reaches its fulfillment when it defeats the moral self. And what a tool suffering has been in the Devil's work shop! How many wretched destinies has it carved out of human characters! Who can number the

execrations or measure their vileness? Who can sound the depths of cowardice or count the lives of skepticism, hidden or proclaimed; or tell the toll of craven worshippers groveling in the dust in homage to a pitiless god—all victims of the curse which suffering may bring. How prone is recklessness to brush aside in an hour the products of months of temperance and patience and good resolutions, recklessness springing from physical pain or the anguish of loss. What deformed effigies of humankind are those who have allowed suffering to fairly saturate every cell of their being with selfishness! And what more complete failure in life can be conceived than to possess a heart which transforms pain and loss and disappointment and grief into bitterness of spirit; which thinks bitterness; which feels bitterness; to which all the promises of loss and the richness of suffering have become as gall and wormwood.

Can the sane mind accept this picture as standing for the true mission of suffering to humanity? As you scan your character and recount its elements of strength can you honestly separate them from some expression of painful experience? Has it not cost the irk of days and nights of scholarly application, the wearisome effort of many thousand hours of physical striving for physical strength, the battles numerous with a temper lying encrouched, tiger-like, waiting only for the word to spring, or with the pride which in all guile would tempt you to appear to be what you really are not? The richness of your character has come through pain. Subtract from your life

all that is good which has come to you through effort and sacrifice, and how paltry the remainder! Is suffering not the angel which comes ever and anon to wrestle with the human spirit throughout the day, through the long night hours, perchance departing not at dawn? And may each of us not grapple and regrapple and ever refuse to loose our hold until we receive our blessing? Yet how unworthily, how impotently we strive with our adversary if we are not in training. Only through an intelligently directed will may we keep ourselves fit for the inevitable strife. Only by a daily choosing for ourselves of such discomforts of effort or denial or self-control or unselfish thoughtfulness, as will in the years furnish us a gradually accumulating reserve, shall we ultimately be prepared to meet any force which illness and bereavement may bring against us, and rise superior to it.

Cheer has a peculiarly disarming quality in the face of suffering. The busy operating room was hushed. A pall seemed to have stilled, for the minute, its active workers and, as the door swung open, the deep pathos of the wasted, pinched face of the doomed girl, gripped the most experienced hearts. For the moment even the matter-of-fact surgeon lost his cheery greeting. But with her waxy finger touching the rubber tire of the wheeled stretcher, she, in her faint voice exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, I have just had my first auto-ride. Do you think there are autos in heaven?" Her answer came next day as her beautiful, cheerful spirit left its wretched and deformed body. We can will cheer, or, if not, most certainly we can will

silence. The physician soon learns that it is not in the voluble expressors of ailments that the depths of suffering are found. He learns to search most carefully when little is said—for great souls suffer in silence.

It was for the twentieth century to reach the acme of learning and culture. It was left for the same century to develop a warfare the horrors of which have never been approximated by the savagery of the past. Men herded by millions in the slimy confines of the indescribable trenches, hourly companions with suffering in ten thousand of its vilest aspects, revealed to the rest of the world the power of the human soul to triumph over the worst that perverted, civilized intelligence can do. And herein is the "Glory of the Trenches," for men of twenty nations lived and suffered and died with their souls untouched by this calamity of hate—men even as you and I, they were, those who trained and wrought and suffered and died with ever a smile, with ever an outstretched helping hand, with ever an uttermost giving. Their ordeals you and I may never know, but as we make of the suffering of the day our training camp, as we convert home and office, study and shop into trenches and fight fairly the enemies of the soul, we too may know the glory of living above calamity. Each life will prove ultimately one of suffering or of serenity. Misuse of the evil the days bring insures the former, even as the victory of serenity may be won by transforming life's inevitable refusals into good, as did "He who met His human doom and took it for a crown."

## CHAPTER XII

### DEATH

*He that believeth is passed from death to life.*

What, like time, is ever present yet never abiding? What so constantly in evidence, yet so eternally elusive? We look forward through the years to a certain hour—we say it comes, yet where is the pause which marks its presence? Its minutes are divided into seconds, yet no one of these hundreds tarries the least fraction. We say it has come and with the passing of the breath it is gone. What is this time of which we speak so familiarly, concerning which we jest and laugh? In what least particular does it differ from eternity, the eternity which we mention with awe, and which by most of us is only thought upon with solemnity? Is this distinction not a striking evidence of our limited, human viewpoint? Do we not, each one, arbitrarily separate a few years from the unending span, the years between our birth and passing, and distinguish these as time? In other words, we associate life with time, and death with eternity. And herein are we not pagans, for it is not a question of time and eternity, but of our relationship to time, whether we are of the body or of the spirit. Time is for the body, but for him of

the soul, the Eternal is now. If the dead live, they are as much in time as we; if our souls live, we are as much in eternity as they.

Small wonder it is that we so commonly err in our thought and expressions of Time and Eternity. It is but one of the evidences of the sharp limitations of this thing we call life—of this transient partnership of body and spirit. The great wonder is that man, receiving all his knowledge through senses which are rooted in the physical, and senses themselves narrowly limited, has been able to evolve such magnificent conceptions of his infinity. A large part of his understanding comes to him through sound, and yet his ears are attuned to but a limited scale of the aërial vibrations about him. Most of his knowledge is born in his sense of sight, still the eye transmits but feebly the symphony of the universe. Physical consciousness at its highest can know but the fringe of reality. The vast known is infinitesimal when compared with the unknown vast. No human understanding has pretended to estimate the depths of sidereal space. Students have reached deep into nature's cornucopia of secrets, but the most astute stand abashed before the mystery of a pansy-seed! What is within this fragile speck which is to burst forth so soon into foliage and wealth of nodding, smiling, colorful blossom? How utterly impotent is the whole machinery of science to create one such seed. The origin of life lures investigators with a witchery they may not resist, but, like the Lorelei's song, the promise is ever lost in the anguish of defeat.

Theoretic, problematic, speculative, we may agree, is this discussion. But to-day, as every day, a vitally practical question is awaiting the answer of every man. What is life? A passage of years, you may answer—inadequately, for the true answer will only be found when we state how these years are passed. Time ticks the identical seconds for a Hottentot and a Milton, yet who can voice the difference in the actual life of the poet as compared with that of the savage? For some, life is a span of dining and wining and gayety; for them who see life only through sensuous eyes, whose motto is "Youth must have its fling," or "We never go this way but once," all which fails to appeal to the pleasure-sense is not deemed living. Many of the clever fill their hours with scheming and conniving, leaving a record only of trickery and falsifying; to shrewdly outguess, to craftily overreach their neighbors, is for them the sum of existence. Still others devote their days to carping and fault-finding, destructively critical, morbidly analytic, with cynicism they investigate each object of their attention—the disease-loving pathologists of human nature who enjoy the character-destroying, who shun the constructive. In close sympathy with the Hottentot are they who leave life as they find it, dull, stupid, empty. And there are many wretched mortals who have made of life a thing of terror, who cringe before fate, fear-smitten, who anticipate each day with dread, who live a deformed, terror-smitten existence. Do such unfortunates know life—have they not all listened only with physical

ears? Have they not viewed mortal days with a narrowness of human vision? Is it not well that we have other lives than these to point us to wholeness of living, to leave undying records of what life is and can be? Is not each one a missionary who points his neighbor to some whole-souled life of cheer, to some whole-hearted life of giving, to the lives which create, to the lives glorified by the simple fulfillment of each day's duties?

Man, only, contemplates death. And how apparently profound is the change it brings! How sudden it always is, even when expected. That vibrant, restless bundle of activity, that ceaseless heart and untiring breathing so hopelessly stilled, that flush and warmth so unnaturally paled and chilled, that mind, stored with a life-time of experiences, so mute beyond recall! But we picture here only physiologic death—some defect in mechanism has robbed the body of its powers of expression. For hours and days, the lives of its myriad individual cells go on; cell death is gradual, no matter how sudden apparent death; while for months chemical activity continues, transforming the rich materials of body composition into other forms of life. Thus even the physical life continues in other expressions. Scientists to-day are thoroughly agreed that matter is eternal. But what of the life of the mind, the spirit—are these not more than matter? Was not Goethe right when he said, "I am fully persuaded that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible?" If the dust of our bones is never lost in the great economy of nature, can we conceive that the rich-

ness of our souls can be destroyed in the great economy of heaven? If our dust survives after death in some form, how infinitely more certain that our soul's individuality, that true product of our years of living, will pass from death to life. And into what a wondrous new life it must pass!—a life where ears are only limited in their hearing and vision only shortened in its seeing by the understanding of the soul; a life in which seeds that have lain latent in life's shallow soil will spring into a fruition given to the few only, here, but promised all in a hereafter which knows God. Do we not see how fully the hereafter is bound up in the quality of soul which we take into it?

For us all, death will remain the Great Adventure. Nature and science and revelation and God himself have been most reticent concerning death, and many of us dread the unknown bourn because we have not led our souls to find that only sure guide for the unknown—righteous faith. As it is given men and women from time to time to watch the passing of one who has bound faith in the Eternal Goodness to his forehead, and to see how surely such a one makes death blessed, we realize that divinity has entered other souls than His who in the agony of a death by torture could say, "Father, forgive them."

## CHAPTER XIII

### DESERTS

*Lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds.*

How devious is the way of life! Each one finds that in the face of the most earnest plans of parents, despite his own most eager efforts, the pathway of his life relentlessly leads where choice would not direct. Through the quiet hominess of the village street, beside the gentle meanderings of the friendly meadow brook, o'er moor and fen, through the crowded loneliness of the city's avenue, far and away over the trackless trails of the sea, past the rise and fall of monotonous plains and, sooner or later, dragging through the torrid sands of the starving desert, may we travel before we can know the joys of the mountain heights. And who would not avoid the desert's emptiness, whether it be the choking, blinding stifle of the great alkali plains of the southwest, or the frigid wastes of the cold-smitten polar regions, or the stretching vastness of the barren Siberian Steppes, or that relentless graveyard of the ages, that incinerator of flesh and blood, that sandy furnace, Sahara. But even as we speak of the earth's great waste surfaces, we know that her untrodden places are being rapidly obliterated. Not only

has the spirit of venture taken man to the uttermost ends of our sphere, but his industry and ingenuity and wisdom are being combined to redeem the empty places and convert regions of desolation and death into bowers of bounty; and through irrigation and scientific feeding of the soil, many a barren plain has turned productive, many a desert waste smiles with oases.

But are not the true deserts those which enter our life's experiences? Is the physical pain of the crying thirst of the alkali plain equal to the burning, blinding, choking dust of misunderstanding? Who does not know the smart of suffering through losing the refreshment of trusting eyes, through losing the upward push given by affection's touch, and thus having the heart's call for sympathy answered only by silence? Thus and otherwise we each learn to know the solitudes of life, for as though ordained, our path certainly comes to the desert places; then, whether in the crowded street, at the theater, or in the church, even within the circle of our own home, are we alone. The smother of the emptiness of loneliness now throws us back upon our own soul for the answer to our need. As inevitable as life is the certainty with which each man is finally brought face to face with his own soul, and the knowledge made sure to him that there are distances which no human sympathy or understanding can traverse, that there are extremities which every man must meet alone with his soul and with his Maker.

Exhausted travelers who have experienced lengthening days and nights of the solitude of sea

wastes, of arctic emptiness, or of the blinding sandy plains, speak of the bewitching mirage—the saving sail, the campfire's smoke, the nodding, beckoning palms of the oasis. Figments painted by the imagination, inspired by the intensity of hope and suffering! Even the most resolute will then doubt the compass' truth and change their course from certain safety in pursuit of these tantalizing vagaries. And with what certainty the mirage of temptation dangles its promises before our strained and wearied eyes during the desert days of loneliness, when the powers of resistance are least prepared. But the choking dusts of misunderstanding, the heartlessness of life's solitudes, the mirages of temptation, do not equal in certainty of destructive damage the starvation of self-pity. What more relentless enemy to masterful human effort than this same pity, a constant tempter to petty living. Such pity counts and recounts each tiresome step of the way, remarks only its own foot-soreness, decries the very wholesomeness of deep breathing in the effort of going, resents the burning of the sun, and reiterates the coolness of the shade which has been left behind. Unnoting, self-pity passes along the path so self-centered, so engrossed in its own foot steps that the provision for the better man is unseen. Willing to cast away the good, refusing to look up and out for good to come, self-pity starves hope, ambition, loyalty, love.

The desert's menace is vitally real. Even though we may trudge along, not complaining of our own lot, we must be made heartsick as we

pass those who have dropped by the way, dying, festering, bleaching, and in the face of such evidences of the vastness of human misery, cynicism and bitterness may easily displace faith. What a desert do our own souls become when we look out upon God's universe with a heart bitter and resentful toward its Author! Why God allows human misery, is a question which, unanswered, has turned many souls from the upward path of high resolve to the lowlands of low living. These have yet to comprehend that the Maker has endowed us with ability sufficient to work out our own problems of wholesome physical and right mental living; that from the first trembling breath of the infant to the everlasting stability of the granite Rockies, the laws of existence and persistence, the laws of health and disease, are, like the Author of it all, unalterable. Nor is the Maker untrue to Himself—He varies them not. Only as man learns this principle and blames his own ignorance and weakness, will he be cured of his bitter rebellion against human misery. There is enough for all, and only through violated law do we suffer, only because we have not laid hold upon everlasting truth do we know misery and emptiness and poverty and deformity and crime. Are we not thus clearly shown that great Mother Nature is little concerned about our bodies, or about much of man which is of the temporal? Her concern is in something much finer, that transcending, immortal self which we first find in some dark and lonely hour, from which we so often turn during the prosperous days, to meet, facing us again,

gently beckoning us from the bitterness of a disappointment. Forgetting through long months, we find again at our side, as athirst and famishing we sink down lost in the pathless desert—our soul, near and waiting to lift us and direct us and save us.

The small nature is heedless of the certain tests of endurance and faith which are to come. Compass and map and useful burdens are recklessly cast aside, as the heat of the day burns down; as true reserve and patience and reason are thrown to the winds by small souls when the prick of physical suffering is felt. Pain is greeted with curses, as though it were the penalty of an avenging power, instead of a warning voice that would protect. Each pain has its message to those who will patiently and intelligently listen. Each sleepless night has its significance, which may be recognized as a guiding hand, by the eye of understanding. Too universally, pain is treated as an enemy, and driven from us as an intruder.

In the caravan some must lead, others may ride, but the many must follow and trudge along through the hot sands. The best cannot always be ours. Our best efforts and our best preparations are frequently rewarded with minor successes. Some of us can never be first in any day's leadership, but there are second-bests and third-bests which are everlastingly good. To be in the caravan at all is best, when compared with the wasteful life of non-effort. But we often allow envyings and jealousies to creep in and by them are unutterably defeated. Refusing to use

our one talent, with murmurings and resentments, we fold it in a napkin and bury it.

Fear creates other deserts, which would defeat us in our journey. Its gruesome fingers reach out from above, around, about, even clutching from the grave they would grasp us and hold us impotent. Who could unroll the scroll of human fears and recount the souls which have gone down in choking surrender? The weak and selfish ever fear the solitude. To be alone with their inefficient selves is enough to strike panic to their hearts. Instinctively they realize the emptiness of the soul with which they must commune, and any company, any association, is better than their own. And with what certainty must they know hours of terror, for the hours do come when man has nothing but the spiritual at his side. And the small soul knows only a small god, a god which, like itself, is easy of offense and forgives not. Terror must strike deep indeed to one in the presence of so implacable an Almighty. We should learn that each man makes his own God, that each individual's God is but the sum of his highest aspirations. The best vision of the Almighty must be an inadequate one, but a conception of Him which makes Him a God of easy offense, is pitiably childish, and the thought of a Maker who has not an infinite capacity for forgiveness, is unworthy enlightened humanity. If of all man's qualities revenge is highest and sweetest, his God will be one of vengeance. If symmetry and order and unchanging penalty for perversity stand to him as the acme of majesty, his God will be one of

human justice. If the healing touch and inspiring word, the beauty of sharing and the immortality of sacrifice have been his vision, he sees his God upon a cross.

But what of those starving of self-pity? In the midst of plenty, even, they hunger and thirst. Food and drink upon which others strengthen and thrive will not satisfy their self-analytic needs. Ever craving the special, the unusual, the select, they are sickened by the very unnaturalness of their false foods. Is not self-pity a veritable cancer, which, starting insidiously in some small hurt, develops unnoticed, scattering its microscopic, malignant cells into the blood stream to be carried to other organs, until finally even the vital centers are being destroyed by this self-produced, self-nourished malignancy? When the wholesome truth that much of disease has an unmoral, if not an immoral subsoil, that much of mental and nervous illness grows out of moral failure, is accepted, then, much of the present day respect for invalidism will be displaced by the sympathy which we now reserve for the weak in character. Just as successfully as the mind may recall the haunts of boyhood, the classroom faces of college days, the thatch roofs or the gilded cathedral domes of the trip abroad, so can the mind make for itself its world at any moment—so you and I may choose our inner health. The giant in frame may convert his powerful hulk into a self-condoling invalid. The blind and disfigured youth from the trenches, who may never again know an entire day of physical comfort, may carry a glow of that health of

soul which, hero-like, eternally resents commiseration.

And so it is given each one to make of life a desert or a paradise. The seeds of love have been placed in our hearts. Neglected, they die and leave but barrenness; cultivated, they bloom as flowers beside the path, and no desert is so drear that loving hearts may not strew fragrant petals along the way. But prone we are to neglect even the rose garden of love. We see one beautiful bloom, perfect in its color and form and fragrance. We call it the love of our heart; eagerly we clasp it close and forget, and neglect the roots and the branch from which it grew; and when it shatters and fades and its fragrance is no more, we find ourselves alone upon the unflowered desert. We have cherished the object of our love and neglected to cultivate the capacity for love. Forlorn we journey on. Such are the lonely mothers and widows and lovers and friends, whose capacity for loving has been expressed in one beautiful relation, who drag out an eternity of weary days alone, because, satisfied with their rose, they neglected their rose garden.

The desert places come to teach us there is much we may be happier in not having. For just as perfect living demands the cultivation of certain blessings, it also demands that we learn that ease and plenty are ancestors of failure. Each day of real living has its tangle. Nature is a rough teacher, ever seeking to multiply the powers and abilities of her children by the obstructions of the wilderness and the impeding sands of the desert.

Down the village lane, in the highways and byways, and through the crowded city thoroughfare, we may pass, our arms filled with comforts and needless luxuries. We go not far into the desert, however, till the insistence of our needs and the uncompromising call of reality cause us to cast away these impedimenta. And it is here we learn the sterling value of grit and spirit and how few are the absolute necessities of life. Another of the gifts—those gifts which die not—brought us in our desert experiences, is our introduction to the strange land of sorrow. Experience is unconvincing and inadequate until it has brought us this knowing! Many in their journey through the land of sorrow forget to sing. The Daughters of Israel complained that they could not sing the Lord's Song in a strange land. But truly no song ever reaches the heart until it is sung with the voice that has known sorrow. Jenny Lind sang with remarkable clearness and fulness of register, and the wise critic said: "She sings now as no other woman can sing. If she could know suffering, she would sing as the angels." And as though a prayer was being answered, a year of deep pain of spirit was hers, and from the land of sorrow came a new note which made of Jenny Lind the Angel Songstress.

The deserts stand across life's pathway, veritable gates of fate, sifting, ever sifting the cowards from the men, the spiritless from the determined, the self-pitying from the self-sacrificing. The desert is never crossed save by those whose souls are strong, by those who face the pain, and

master discomfort in self-forgetfulness. The soul is a very alchemist, which transmutes the base metals of calamity and disaster into the refined gold of victory. Science is converting the waste places into modern gardens of Eden; so the soul may make the commonplace miraculous.

The desert may even be loved! The Arab droops and weakens away from his Sahara, even as the Highlander away from his heights. And he will tell you, with a lover's eloquence, of the desert at night. For him no couch can equal its yielding sands—those sands which to him are redolent with a fragrance he cherishes. He yearns for its eternal quiet. No quality of nature is more absolutely fulfilled than the desert's silence. Even the sea, with all her mystery, fails to keep her secrets as the sifting, shifting sands. And with the cool of the desert nights, the heavens are uncovered, our Arab says, as nowhere else. Let us not forget as the dust from the high noon blinds, and the sun burns and tortures, and the heat rises as from a scorching oven and the parched feet sink ever deeper into the heavy sands, through all this pain and stifle and wretchedness, that the night will come—the wonderful desert night, when the hot sands turn cool, and the heavens are revealed in their most perfect glory, and rest, the perfect rest of that eternal quiet, succors the soul.

## CHAPTER XIV

### CONTENTION

*Him that is weak in the faith receive ye,*
*but not to doubtful disputations.*

Those venturesome spirits who have penetrated the heart of the tropics report that the most nerve-racking element of their experiences in these vast solitudes is the ceaseless chatter of animal and bird life. The different varieties of monkeys and parrots, especially, approaching so shrewdly, as they do, human action and speech are the most uncompromising offenders. From before dawn into the depths of night their ceaseless chatterings and cries of irritation and anger beat upon the wearied ear-drum—an incessant throb which becomes actual pain, a torture not relieved by the quiet of the night, for even that is periodically broken by contentious choruses which ultimately take on the nature of fiendishness in the overwrought judgment of the distracted traveler. And when we stop to think, are we so certain that such discordant intonations are confined to parrots and apes? Does not the discerning ear detect a never-ceasing war of words as humanity insistently seeks her own? Has not man argued endlessly, striving to drown his opponent in a torrent of sounds, since Adam had sons? Let us look into man's life po-

litically, socially, even religiously, as he employs intensity, sarcasm, false arguments, invective to gain his point. How much higher is he than these inhabitants of the primal forest who render day and night hideous by their contentions for food and for position? How much superior in principle is he when he uses vituperation and calumny to prejudice voters against his opponent for higher office? Does not the situation suggest the interesting psycho-biologic question: is this habit a remnant of man's evolutionary ancestry, or are these intelligent understudies developing human nature?

Much wordy strife is based upon ignorance. The unthinking man sees constant strife about him in Nature. In spring and fall the seasons are at war, and cloud chases sunshine, and heat and cold, summer and winter are antagonists. The same soil grows the plant for food and deadly poison. In richness of color the noxious shrub would woo man to his undoing. Nature is prodigal of health-giving surroundings, and apparently equally generous in that which deals pain. The animal kingdom produces man's best friends and his implacable foes. His own desires change with the shadows, and he finds war about him and war within him. The miracle of it all is that man possesses the stability and faith which he now has. But science has long since shown her students that these seeming contradictions, when understood, stand for the unity of Nature. Most rugged health is found where heat and cold alike temper the fiber even as they do the steel. Most valuable

medicines have been produced from that poison vegetation which ignorant man so dreaded, while the reptile and other abhorred crawling things are now known to be greater enemies to man's enemies than to man himself. The calm and the storm make for that perfect ventilation of the earth's surface without which high health is impossible. The same wind which blows the fisherman's smack upon the rocks, drives the fleets of commerce-carriers from land to land. The decimating disease proves the goad which stimulates medical science to a more profound understanding of all disease, a step in the progress toward that true knowledge which will ultimately eliminate infection as a source of human woes. When knowledge displaces ignorance, we realize that Nature in all her variations and apparent contradictions, is harmoniously working for man's good in proportion as he understands and obeys her laws.

True "contention for principles" is ever an effort to get a step nearer truth. Unfortunately, this phrase may be used as a cloak to conceal the true motive of disagreement and insistence. No one possesses the whole truth. No one may presume to express his opinion as the last word upon any matter of discussion. The large majority who mask behind the savory-sounding phrase "I am contending for principle's sake" not only ignore the great law of natural unity but violate, as well, the yet higher law of spiritual harmony.

While much of the ceaseless war of words has its basis in half-seeing ignorance, much more of human contention has its origin in wilfulness. It

is in the one element of selfishness that the babbling, chattering mass of denizens of the forest are one with man. Could this single element be eliminated from wordy strivings, that joy of peace, for which so many generations have prayed, would hover close to human hearts. But where would you place personal rights? The question echoes in the mind of every thinker. Many of the most far-reaching and uplifting movements for man's welfare have been launched under the banner of personal rights. And the contenders for personal rights have marched forward through the ages, millions strong, under the silken banners of aristocrats and monarchs, clad in the white aprons of the saloonist and bar-tender, fat-pursed with the gold of poverty, as wine merchants and distillers. Personal rights have sailed the seas under the black flag with skull and crossbones of the pirate. Anarchy and lower forms of socialism have for years been waving defiantly the blood-red flag as their emblem of personal rights. The quintessence of selfishness, the highest developments of persecution and the lowest forms of brutality have been marshalled under this banner. There are personal rights as inviolate as the breath of life: personal rights which no law of man or force of man's making can deny or usurp: the right to live, to toil, to suffer and sacrifice, to die, it may be, that the rights of mankind may thereby be augmented. This is the one inalienable right of each living soul—that through his life, humanity in some part, large or small, shall be bettered. Any other conception of per-

sonal rights is rooted in selfishness. Any other assertion of individuality but puts off that certain day when the highest rights of all will be recognized and respected and contributed to by all.

When we listen to the bickerings of politicians with their verbose, partisan argumentations, with their facile juggling of facts and figures that they may befuddle voters and thereby attain their ends through false pretenses, we are prone to long for the days of the "good kings," when the destinies of the people were safe in the hands of one who, with his advisers, was ever ready to shed blood for their welfare. It is hard to see in the incessant turmoil of oft repeated campaigns the progress man is making toward that ideal of self-government which has for so long been the reputed goal of political leadership.

But of all the disheartening contentions to which man has so eagerly lent his energies, the religious wranglings of all ages have been the greatest impediment to his highest development. The unholy holy-wars of the past are legion. Enough human blood has been thus shed to discolor the very seas—shed because of religious bigotry and religious hatreds. Enmities have developed in community, church and home, turning peaceable men and women into ferocious, death-dealing creatures. The human misery growing out of religious wranglings cannot be conceived—and religious harmony is a far guess, even in this late century; for high church and low church, conformity and non-conformity, infallibility or human inspiration, sprinkling or immersion, daily communion or

yearly communion, the power of popes and bishops or the democracy of the congregation, the transmutation of the elements or grape juice, free-will or predestination, the humanly divine or the divinely human—these are but a meager few of the elements of disputation active to-day in one or another grouping of the world's religionists.

Much of the evil of contention has already been suggested. The resulting waste of time and energy explains much of the deficit in humanity's progress. So long as our monkey neighbors spend their days and nights in garrulous chattering, even evolution cannot promise them any hope for mounting higher in the scale of being. And is it not so with verbose, contentious, riotous nations?

It is ever the doing that counts, not the talking. But the waste of time and energy is a small hurt when we consider the damage that contention does the better man by defacing truth. Religion with its insistent dogmas, statesmanship with its persuasive rhetoric, poetry and literature and art, with their melting sentiment, cause us all to wander from the path of literal truth. But how cheap and empty does such wrong emphasis become when finally the understanding uncovers the facts, which alone are permanent. Somebody set a date over the first chapter of Genesis, and 4004 B. C. became an idea made sacred by all the beauty of the Good Book—an idea about which to wrangle and dispute, raising doubts as to honesty of purpose and piety of thought, to question which was as sacrilegious as to dispute the very emblems of salvation. The pick of the geologist began to turn up

unsentimental, apparently irreligious facts. The strata of the earth's surface began to speak with a certainty unshakable by arguments. The white chalk cliffs of England, formed as they are of the remnants of the microscopic globigerinæ which to-day are slowly, so slowly, building the floor of the great Atlantic—a floor of their dead selves—produce an incontrovertible argument of facts which make the 4004 B. C. stand only for some man's opinion, worthless at once when disproven by God's facts.

His nature is rare who can enter into a controversy and adhere accurately to even the truths of his own knowledge through the heat of contentious disputation. The love of argument is prone to mount stronger than the love of truth. Is it not a serious misfortune that a large class of our public men have had their training as advocates in an atmosphere which quite too emphatically for the development of plain truth and simple justice puts a premium on purposed inaccuracy, the business of the average lawyer being to disparage each particle of truth emanating from his opponent's side, and to so disguise doubtful statements of his own witnesses as to cause them to masquerade as truth? In our relations with our better selves, when desire begs and conscience says "Nay!" how willing we sometimes are to undermine the very truth that is within, as we allow desire to be the chief advocate and argue restraining righteousness into silence.

But another evil growing out of contention cries even louder for a remedy, an evil which destroys

the finer qualities of the heart, even as untruth defaces the finer qualities of the mind. From the beginning, contention has proven a breeder of hatred. Whose experience is so limited that it does not contain the history of at least one break in a friendship which was bearing its fruit of blessing, a break starting in a trivial difference of opinion, ushered in by an argument which at first involved points of most minor importance? But the contention waxed warm. Neither one at the right time made the saving concession, and sparks were struck which burned into the very warp of friendship's fabric—a heat of fire, followed by wretched years of coldness. And friendships are few which can stand the strain of repeated and continuous discussions of personal differences, and still retain the delicacy and fineness which make friendship one of life's most beautiful relations. The bickerings, the jowerings, the disagreements big and little, the wordy wars and the quarrels which are part and parcel of the atmosphere in certain homes, constitute one of humanity's saddest and darkest chapters. There are undoubtedly many homes in which a contentious atmosphere is common, and yet the family loyalty remains strong. Family loyalty, however, is highly developed in many types of animals, and in most of the lower tribes of men, and the home in which this quality represents its highest standard shows what a low degree of civilization has been attained. How frequently family discords grow into enmities of the most uncompromising nature is eloquently recorded in the divorce annals. Of all the pos-

sible evils growing out of unrestrained contention the tendency to tear asunder the ties of friendship and of love constitutes its unmitigated evil.

But why is the desire to express our differences of opinion so inherent? Why is the impulse so strong, so ready with its expressions? Has the forum of life no place in which red blood may assert itself? Is the law of repression to nullify the great instinct of expression? Are we to stand with closed lips in the face of manifold evils to be found on all sides? Would not the very stones cry out if certain injustices were not combated by every possible word and work? Yes, there should be a forum where all sides of questions of importance are discussed. But even in the lower courts certain qualifications are demanded of the attorney, so, if we would avoid the evils of contention, if we would not have a part in that incessant ear-deafening war of words, we should know and practice the art of argument. And the first lesson in this art is to know the great argument of silence. Until one can listen well and calmly, he may not rightfully raise his voice in discussion. The greatest number of contentions are based on the trivial and the non-essential, and the single argument of silence is for them a most eloquent answer. One may scold and abuse; it requires two to contend or quarrel. But in speaking of silence we mean far more than negative muteness. The silence of patience, the persuasive silence of self-control, the effective silence of the higher understanding may fairly paralyze antagonism by its deafening appeal. Again, let us note how Nature

refuses to contend. Every generation since the death of the Master has planned an ever new day for the end of the world. A new date is being set by our generation. But Nature goes on quietly, progressively, certainly maturing her plans—the silent answer of Time to the wasteful nonsense of her children.

Before we are warranted in asserting ourselves in discussion we should know the argument of understanding, of understanding, first, wherein we ourselves are wrong, seeking first our error, our defect, and thereby ridding ourselves of the greatest possible obstacle to finding the common truth. For it is rare that two sides of an argument are so hopelessly distorted that some mid-ground of understanding may not be found. To the thoughtful reader it has long since been clear that the essential value of contention is agreement upon truth; that argumentation carried on for any other motive is wasteful or harmful. Pope wrote helpfully of the admission of our errors, when he said "To own one has been in the wrong is but saying he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

When one has developed the power of silence and the potency of understanding, but one other element is needed to raise him to mastery in contention—the argument of kindness. Much that is profitable, distinctly stimulating, illuminating and helpful, is found in the academic argument. Here the best minds cross swords with all the agility of thrust and parry and counter of the skilled foils-man, here steel strikes fire on steel and every force is alert and agile, here as with the foils-man,

the sword is never for blood or wounds, or that marring scars may result, but that both may be bettered by the interchange of give and take. In academic argument the spirit of fair play is ever present, and no illness of feeling is allowed to pervert the wholesomeness and essential thought-growth which come through sane, kindly-intentioned comparison of views and opinions. In the fulness of counsel wisdom should be found; and even as silence presents an insurmountable argument, kindness presents an unanswerable one. Kindness goes further than mere intellectual understanding. Kindness accepts lack of advantages, looks beyond the narrowness of prejudice, sympathizes with the defect of quickly-mounting, poorly-handled temper. Kindness stays kind through it all, and kindness is an incense which lingers over the battlefield.

How unanswerable the kindness of Lincoln! What a wealth of understanding is illustrated in many of the records of his relations with high and low! And how characteristic of these qualities is the story of one of his dealings with the always difficult Secretary Stanton. On this occasion a question arose as to the movement of certain troops. When the messenger returned after carrying Lincoln's objection to Stanton's desire in this matter, the patient president asked what comment the crusty secretary had made. With some hesitation the messenger replied that Stanton had said "Lincoln is a damn fool." The president of a great nation in the midst of its greatest war, "a damn fool!" What other potentate but Lincoln would

have restrained the swift thrust of authority? But Lincoln knew Stanton's value. Lincoln knew the need of the nation for his wisdom and judgment, and Lincoln was incapable of any personal smallness. Yet who but he could have responded: "If Stanton said I was a damn fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right. I shall step over and see him about it." Such development of contention, rising superior to all doubtful disputations, implies a vision of that perfect receptivity so constantly illustrated in the life of Lincoln, and others of his kind, so perfectly exampled in the life of the Great One who, all-wise and all-knowing, proclaimed "I can of mine own self do nothing."

## CHAPTER XV

### MOODS

*Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness.*

In what infinite variations does the human face find expression! In madness of joy, it seems fairly bursting with the pent-up emotional power it so vividly portrays. Happiness, which is one of life's wholesome infections, orders its lines and features into a harmonious ensemble which cannot be misunderstood. Pleasure, not so molding or convincing as Happiness, seems ever ready to brighten the eye, gladden the lips, enrich the cheek's color and, for the time, to iron out the care-wrinkles. More sedately, Satisfaction, if worthy, brings to the face an illuminated repose; if otherwise, a beam of unholy light seems incongruously mixed with the quietude. Tranquillity comes to rare faces, or waits for the rare occasion—the calm after the soul-stirring conflict, the calm of righteous victory. The faces of the Madonnas, mothers and martyrs, of the great artists—and prophetically, the faces of most of our dead, show forth the beautiful lineaments of tranquillity. How simply Surprise is manifested! A sudden arching of the eyebrows, a slight contraction of the

muscles of the mouth, and more is often said thereby than can be crowded into words. From Surprise to Astonishment is but a slight further alteration, yet what an emphasis is expressed by these few muscular changes! The heavy cheeks, the drooping eyes, sluggish eyelids, the lengthening lines, the down-curved mouth, all immobile, masklike, speak forth the gloom of Despair to each passer-by. Dejection touches the features less markedly. It is skin deep, rather than soul deep; it even seems to be furtively waiting for some happier expression with which it can mingle. Something fixed within paints the fear-face—something so deep as to change its color, relax its muscles, dilate the eyes; so deep that the very will of iron can but poorly mask its portrayal. More intense, Horror fairly mutilates the countenance, so vividly does it disfigure the normal expression; the eyes' uncovered whites cause the balls to seemingly start forth from their sockets, forced by the anguish within. These and other elemental expressions, with unending combinations, indicate the almost endless variety of feelings, to mirror which Nature has provided the human face. Who so dull as not to be versed in the eloquence of the face! Who so thoughtless of the soul within that he does not watch eyes and lips and cheeks and forehead for the real truth behind the uttered words! Who does not see more deeply in his contact with men and women than he hears? With what a procession of changes do we touch life here, there and yonder, and how many different selves we have to express, as many

different selves, we might think, as there are varieties of experience.

With what pervasive effects may the expression be utilized! Sadness for the day may reflect from a momentary frown. The love of a heart may be chilled by a passing manifestation of revulsion. The destiny of a relationship is held in a glance—a glance which may impel faith, hate or devotion. The secret of a lifetime, crowded deep down and hidden, may flash forth in a revealing look and be a secret no more. The gloom-molded face passes along the shadowy side of the street, missing the joys and smiles, knowing not the quick, lightening response of sympathy and understanding. The face of hatred sees distrust and dislike, aversion, enmity reflected from each face into which it looks, and thus may moods unconsciously control destinies. Truly has the historian recorded that an extra half inch in the length of Cleopatra's nose would have changed the history of the world. For a face of bewitching beauty Anthony lost an empire. Might it not be well for us, without the touch of artifice and devoid of prejudice, to read the mirror's estimate of our own faces? What is its testimony when guile pencils not the features? Into what lines do they fall when unmoved by feeling? Is it the face which you can comfortably allow scrutinized unwary, unholden, unarranged? Or is it a face which ever and anon you must alter for the onlooker? Does it when in repose stand for contentment or dissatisfaction? Is it a record of accomplishment within, or does it mark only the passage

of empty years? The sum of a life's influence carried by each face is so great that it certainly behooves us all to look well to the happiness of our great portrait-artist—the soul.

Much of life finds expression through the human face—that mirror of the heart of life, our feeling self. To feel is as natural and instinctive as to breathe, and feelings are man's veritable bosom companions. Instinctively one rejoices in one's good fortune. One laughs at the well-turned joke, the witty jest. Sudden horror brings an irresistible shiver, while bereavement settles over the spirit as a solemn pall. Such reactions are inherent to all normal persons, but science and civilization have as yet failed to cure man of his tendency to emotional exaggeration. Emotional expression entirely disproportionate to the facts, emotional perversions, emotional distortions, all are a common handicap to rational living. The victim of insomnia is often sleepless simply from his fear of not sleeping. Change his surroundings, and often for a night or two his faith in the effect of a new doctor, new medicine, new scenes, will permit him to sleep as in youth. But all too soon incoördinating fear will lurk in again, and the rest Faith gave is a fugitive. For many the sight of blood so powerfully affects the feelings as to produce faintness or even actual syncope. Again it is fear which is the enemy to emotional serenity—frequently an unformed fear suggested by the sight of this vital fluid. And do you not know the household which has spent its days, even its months, in riotous mourning for some dead

poodle or canary? The passing of an Angora means weeks of effusive, hopeless despair for certain types of petted women. Emotions may be as truthful as the course of the sun, but these emotions are as false as hypocrisy. Suspicion may so tincture one's seeing that an inquiring glance may be interpreted as a disguised reproach, while in the averted eyes the self-damaging falsifier sees personal aversion. And so on their own little cookstoves the hypersensitive stew their own little hells.

But probably the most commonly disrupting aspect of false moods is the lack of the power of stability. Those typifying this lack are changed by each external influence, comfort or distress hangs upon each change of temperature, each veering of the winds, each altered intonation of address. Fickleness and irritability may be as definitely moods as persistent years of hopeless gloom. Is it not true that the whole matter of moods is based upon "I feel" and "I don't feel" living? Are moods not the expressions of emotional habits? These chronic emotions may be small and petty, as is seen in pouting lives and sulking dispositions. Others, acrid as creosote or dark as desolation, speak of the surrender to the ever-tempting counsel of despair. On the other hand, gayety may be as disfiguring as gloom—gayety unrelieved, the gayety which, in and out of season, chuckles and snickers and giggles and refuses to honor the sacred with seriousness. The shriek of delirium carries no greater thrill of apprehension than does the mad laugh of mania.

Many great men have been moody. Saul's were the moods of emotional insanity, Carlyle's the depression of chronic food self-poisoning. With Lincoln the seriousness of responsibility lay heavy upon his life's expression, but his emotional sanity was revealed by the high lights of his humor, as rare as they were frequent. There are moods truly great. The heroic mood blazed forth in a million lives during the great World's War; and there are everyday heroes and heroines whose unfailing cheer, not levity, not cheap gayety, not empty humor, fearlessly, gladsomely welcomes each day's experience. Unaltered by ill-health or bad fortune, untouched by the weariness of the flesh or the perplexities of the mind, the very smile of their souls shows forth through each expression of the face, hand or relationship. And do not such moods proclaim the life which has overcome? Do they not testify that in such characters the goal of life, which is the overcoming of the world and self, has been realized?

Who would not so attain, who has not stood before his soul appalled at its needs, its impotence, as measured with his ideal? How sadly large is the number who, having made such comparison, have surrendered to hopelessness because of the apparent inaccessibility of the heights above. And the heights of our ideals are supreme. They pierce the clouds, they reach beyond the everlasting blue. But they are accessible, and the ascent is only a matter of one step at a time—steps which we all can take. Physical health is an attainment far more commonly possible than

usually considered. Our rational efforts healthward are righteous steps Heavenward, and the sound body may most easily be the supporter of a wholesome soul. Soul and body are both benefited by the morning's fifteen minutes of vigorous hill-climbing or similar muscle-stretching effort. Muscle-use for the strong is muscle-abuse for the weak; but rational muscle-use means at least once a day the pushing of biceps, quadriceps, heart and diaphragm to the point of acute fatigue. Body motion can thus truly be converted into soul motion, and the man who daily suffers the pain of physical fatigue for his health's sake is multiplying strength in his soul. The cold bath start means a better day of feeling and being, and does much to develop strength for the fight for cheer, even as do the insistent courtesy of greeting and the kindliness of meeting.

Mental help comes to our feelings through our marvelous capacity for choice of thought. Frequently a strain of music, a snatch of song, a cheery voice, the play-prattle of a child, dissipate the weary thought, displace the haunting care, capture the rebellious mood, and harmonize the tangle and the jangle. Underneath all mood transformation, we cannot escape the necessity for will action. Life is a contest—essentially an inner conquest. And in the force of the multitude of its demands, the temptation to surrender and let the instincts and externals govern is known to all. Were it not for the accumulating power of energy conservation which abides in the laws of habit, surrender and failure would be practically

universal. But it is a saving fact that all development tends toward automatism—that good thoughts, fine feelings, kind deeds may become as habitual as those of lower value. No reward of high striving is more certain than that with each repetition of wholesome action the effort needed to reproduce that action is less. Moreover, the strength gained in any series of battles for the better adds to the sum of the forces to be utilized in all of life's campaign. Thus we understand the sensitiveness to coarseness or wrong so obvious in natures who have truly surmounted. It is possible to refine self until it is more painful to react selfishly than magnanimously.

We have all seen the deadening influence of damaging moods in the lives of many. Each circle has its slaves of feeling who have long since ceased to struggle, who have even forgotten that they are enslaved. The battle of emotional righteousness is a keen one, but the master of life, he who radiates cheer and strength, to whom we turn for soul succor, is victor of feeling. He alone, of all the sons of man, has won the pinnacle of undying joy, and his soul, that light which is within, can never be darkened.

## CHAPTER XVI

### ENDURANCE

*Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier.*

Life is truly a series of conflicts from which none may escape with honor. The battle-field may be far distant, so far that none of its din is audible, nor sight of its carnage visible, yet we are all sharers of the strife. Even the independently wealthy, through the very largeness of their income are grasped and forced into the conflict. For through the payment of war-taxes they are purchasing shrapnel, submarine-chasers, bayonets, to destroy their country's enemies; or blankets, canned-beef, or chloroform to save the fighters. The remote bottom-planter and the hillside small farmer may read scant war news in their local-weekly paper, yet they too are drafted, as every bushel of food they produce goes to replenish the red blood daily being poured into the trenches. The factory man and the mechanic, in or out of sympathy with the great cause, are consciously or unconsciously contributing to the fighting strength of their nation, by each productive turn of the lathe or stroke of the chisel. Senators, congressmen, judges and civil authorities, high and low, through preserving order at home, by ferreting

out and controlling sedition and disloyalty, are hourly contributing strength to their country's offense and defense.

We naturally think of the enlisted man, private or officer, as a literal fighter, yet the wearers of uniforms behind the lines find a gigantic task, a vital task. The members of the commissary department know that with no food there is no fight. And day and night they must labor that food, and plenty of it, food of the right kind be obtained from somewhere to supply the insatiable thousands, mayhap millions, who sow not nor reap. Close to the front, too close for safety, is the work of many of the army's helpers. But closer still, even touched by the shock of combat, we find those other helpers who fight not with steel and powder, those who never kill, but who with science and saving skill combat disease and restore the shattered. To them the wounded turn that their ebbing lives may be stayed. At the war's very brink are found the members of the medical corps.

As one approaches the battle-field from the rear, he sees line after line of equipped soldiery, inactive, taking no part in the actual battle, safe and protected from danger—the army's reserves, the forces held back to be used at the opportune hour to add a smashing blow to the successful pressure of assault, or to be thrown across the gaps of the weakening defense. It has been the lot of many of the rank and file to go through a campaign, even years of war, always in reserve, never knowing the thrill, the exultation, the frenzy of the actual struggle. Thus we have seen how

small a percentage of the manhood of a nation at war is in fighting contact with the enemy. But who would not be on the firing line! What spirit so cold, what blood so pale and thin, what character so craven that does not feel the burning, throbbing, exalting impetus to be in the thick of the actual fight? A righteous envy have all real men for those who can realize through every sense of their being the glory and the horror of the carnage. War lays the extra burden of its mailed hand on each son of the nation. To fight or to help the fighters to the limit of strength and ability is each man's privilege.

There are still others that we have not mentioned; others upon whom the burden of war falls with even graver force. The wives, whose husbands go out thrilling with the strength of their manhood, to come back sightless, reasonless, mutilated shreds of humanity, forever disabled—these wives and sweethearts give men and receive back wrecks. And the mothers, whose prayers began in those sacred months of waiting, whose pain and patience and sacrifices paved each step of their boys' development; the mothers who give the fruit of their bodies, the loved of their hearts, the incense of their own souls; the mothers who give their best to the charnel-pit of war—these mothers give men and receive back corpses. To the women at home the weight of war bears down with its heaviest anguish.

Most battles of life, however, are not between nations. Peace itself has its strife, its cruelties. Whole communities consist of families who pass

the years in a death-struggle with poverty—not enough to wear, too poor for education, no means with which to buy the saving vacation or the protecting hours of relaxation, often without sufficient bread. Hunger and ignorance, filth and cold stalk through life at their sides, fateful shadows. The greed of the strong, the essential dishonesty of the stock exchange, with money lenders and profiteers, tell half of the tale of penury; vicious indulgences and the weaknesses of vice account for the other half. Victims of poverty wastefully war amongst themselves and against their affluent neighbors. Competency and wealth have their battles too. Multiplied years of ease are never a blessing. Ease often is a mischief maker, and excess of plenty even as excess of poverty aids in the deterioration of ability and character. It is a hard guess which is the more threatened by his rearing, the child of the poor or the son of opulence. The rich man's child too often has a servile mother who makes a pretense of industry and sacrifice by slavishly ministering to her own, which, with the constant attendance of money-serving, hired trucklers, almost certainly produces men and women with the "trashiness of character" so well characterized by James.

Human progress and the steady rise of the standards of civilization are increasing the pressure of life. The dissemination of education is increasing competition in every walk of effort. As a result of scientific economics the margins of personal requirements are becoming more exacting and more narrowed. The weak go down under

stress. Thousands who could live comfortable, easy-going lives go to pieces under strain. Scientific utilization of byproducts, scientific rearing of Holsteins and Berkshires, scientific cultivation of corn and tobacco, are becoming universal, while the scientific training of human character has so far been left largely to "queer" families and "cranky" mothers. But extra pressure in life should not be an evil—with individuals and nations it should be counted a real good. It is during the strenuous days and years that history is made. We all look back to the intense hours when it seemed as though we should be fully spent in the fight and know that in those hours came victory which made for lasting strength, or defeat in which new wisdom was born. The history of the liberty of nations is a history of bloody wars. The seal of human liberty has ever been set in human blood.

We are all students of character. Unconsciously we are daily estimating and forming opinions, we are being deceived, we are meeting revelations in human nature. We are ever looking for strength of character, ready to admire, to do homage to this supreme quality. And what is this strength but the measure of one's capacity to endure; to endure hardships; to endure pain without surrender; to endure loss of things and dollars, without loss of heart; to endure days and years of misunderstanding and discord? Even so! To endure praise and prosperity, success, cleverness and popularity—here is the threatening strain. As by the lapping of many waters, character may

be undermined by "good fortune" till, while apparently intact, it is literally ready to crumble.

The zone of the battle line just beyond reach of the enemy's fire is often a scene of apparent confusion, and certain it is that among the workers in the rear will always be found the cowards. Some have been barely touched and welcome their small hurts as excuses to escape larger perils. Others, even less worthy, are mere slackers, stragglers and potential deserters, glad for every pretext or opportunity to turn their backs upon danger. In the first real test of endurance every army discovers its defectives. Some are physically unfit; others mentally incapable of standing the strain and struggle; still others prove moral weaklings, whose "yellow streak" can no longer be hid. Especially when the tide sets in against success, the deserters multiply. We have to learn to lose. The bully, even the coward, may stick in the winning battle. But it takes a man to be game in loss, to fight back each step of the retreat, to recognize superior merit and ability generously, to accept graciously the decisions of defeat. How far from this standard are the many who are eager and insistent in their retailing of self, of their errors, of their misfortunes, of the spite and partiality which they have met, of their bad feelings, the ever-lengthening catalogue of things personal and sacred, all of which the strong nature by very instinct reveals not. To counselors personal and tried, or even better, the worthy professional expert, the minister, the physician, the lawyer, to these, and then only on rare occasions of special

need, does the man of strength resort with his intimate affairs.

Corporal's guards are constantly patrolling behind the lines searching out would-be deserters. Many who, through one excuse or another, have drifted away from the front are perfectly satisfied to bask in the sunshine of safety, avoiding the hell of it all. But we find more deserters in the battles of civil life. Every community has its satisfied invalid, who is using his physical deficiencies, present or has been, to relieve him from the burdens of family support, from the details of house-keeping, from many responsibilities which duty would place in his hand. And when added to the immunity from the routine of effort, the invalid is the object of hourly attention, of unwearying sympathy, the daily recipient of the comforts of devoted coddling, it becomes easy to understand with what tenacity such invalids hold close their indemnifying weaknesses. A well equipped young minister, whose work in his early pastorates had been most satisfactory, met and loved and wed a lady of frail physique, sensitive nerves and robust bank account. She had plenty for them both though he toiled not. It was before the days when even the specialists had conceived the modern methods of successfully reëducating the nervous invalid to useful living. "Rest," "Avoid this" and "Don't do that," was the burden of her physician's orders. And if "rest" was good for the minister's wife, why not equally good for the "tired" minister too! In order the more perfectly to conserve his sensitive and easily ex-

hausted energies, he bought him an easy-chair, a most comfortable and durable easy-chair. As the years passed the hours daily spent in this chair by our unfortunate divine increased, and their increase was paralleled by a decrease in his efficiency, until as he neared his forties, he considered himself entirely unable to longer keep up pastoral duties. The two invalids then traveled, seeking health in comfort-administering health-resorts, and indolence-indulging sanitaria, but from each trip he returned to a more inveterate occupancy of his easy-chair. At sixty-three it was practically his only solace, his only desire, his only inspiration. Then rather rudely, but nevertheless efficiently, he was transported into health-breeding surroundings, where, under a beneficent despotism, he learned to earn his bread with pick and shovel. No physical defect was found but flabby muscles of disuse. Soon strength was given him, and for weeks he labored well, and gained in all that stands for health. He returned home almost convinced that he was restored and again took up church work with much of his youthful success. But the easy-chair was still in his library. It was not long before he exchanged the endurance-developing helpfulness of daily physical work for the seduction of its devitalizing, yes, demoralizing embraces. To-day he is miserable, and a breeder of misery. And so the battle ever produces the deserter through self-indulgence, even as it produces the hero made through self-discipline. As we look back upon the formative events of our lives we must ever be impressed that the real

importance of lucky strikes, of illness sudden or prolonged, has never existed in the events, but in the effect which the happening has had upon our characters.

Side by side with the weaklings we find, on the safe side of the fighting line, the beggars. Many travelers in the East bring home as their most intense impression of the Oriental character the uncountable beggars of city and country. The reiterating din of "Backsheesh" there greets the tourist at every turn. The beggars' cry echoes through the passing hours like the unceasing wail of the lost. But all beggars are not found in rags and tatters infesting far countries. In our own land, in the homes of plenty, we find the beggar—the unproductive son, the self-indulgent daughter—living parasitically upon the efforts of a successful father, or the inheritance of a loving mother. The begging son's assortment of harmonizing cravats and silk socks stands for no higher productive effort than the shrill cry of "Backsheesh" from a leprous Oriental. Parents make beggars of their children through their failure to early demand an equivalent in effort for all remuneration; by failing to inculcate a sense of the fundamental dishonesty of living through the productive years of life, fed and clad by the efforts of another; by failing to impress the honesty-breeding conception that every meal eaten represents the labor of some hands. Clear indeed is the parent's duty to see that his children receive every instruction, cultural and educational advantages, which make for independent self-support. The

son's duty is equally clear that every dollar he receives from his parents be invested in honest work at college, in clean living or in strength-developing pleasures. Productive work either by choice or by force is the only cure which will save many a youth from a lower degradation than the mendicants of Cairo.

Resolutely facing the enemies of our nation, our communities, our families, our souls, we will find the heroes. The most conspicuous of these are the heroes of industry, the workers. Inestimable as are the accomplishments of the past, incalculable as are the efforts of the present, a sober survey shows that our world's work is just begun. It would seem that the wildest dreams of the inventor, the most extreme opinions of the theorist could ultimately be fulfilled when the world-of-workers finally come together, scientifically and harmoniously, to do the world's work. It is only begun, this great possible task—well begun in many lines, but so far we have been able but to touch the task's surface. In our cities—alleys, backyards and mill districts; in our homes—cellars and attics, closets and too often kitchens, speak eloquently of the much work undone. We are all prone to give our energy and attention to the pleasanter, more congenial duties, but the earnest and honest worker will show his stuff by ever tackling his toughest job first. And would we add endurance, that superb fighting and winning quality, to our equipment, we shall find few helps more practical than getting the difficult, the disagreeable, the undesirable work of each day be-

hind us early. The real fighter is a worker; the real worker is a fighter. There are Utopian dreams of warless centuries, of peaceful millenniums. While man is man, this can never be. Man is a fighting creature and is made of fighting stuff, and fight he will unless he degenerates into a lower order of being. He will learn, he is learning not only how to fight better, but, at last, what to fight. The days of man's going to war with his kind are numbered; the ages of man's enlisting to fight man's foes have begun. The horrors of man's fighting to make his brother-man miserable are doomed. The wars of the future will be campaigns for human happiness. Labor's heroes will then receive the meed now so eagerly pressed upon the brows of the heroes of blood.

The worker has mastered endurance, and to endure is heroic. There are limits, however, which even the staid son of toil is refusing to accept. The street car was crowded. A conspicuously dressed "lady" came aboard, fashionably begowned, behatted and beshod. Seeing her, in aristocratic helplessness hanging to a strap, the soiled, overalled, redolent mechanic, honestly weary from his ten hours of effortful toil, in kindness and self-forgetfulness proffered his seat, respectfully tipping his cap. Complacently the "lady" seated herself—the donor and his courtesy serenely ignored. The weary features lighted significantly, and a moment later a grimy knuckle was tapping the immaculate dress-sleeve. Startled, the owner looked up—"You forgot something, mum," and

as in mild perturbation she rose, he slipped into the vacated seat—"Your manners, mum!"

Of all classes of soldiers, the volunteer deservedly is the most prized, for in him is expressed the potency of willingness. Whether in camp or on the firing line, on great occasions or in the daily task, the men and women who assume the burdens, who add the inspiring quality of willingness to the fact of their doing, represent the highest type of the hero. Endurance of hardships is an essential quality for the fighter. Endurance is the first essential of heroism, and occasions come to all when sheer endurance alone is a contribution to life. Physical hardship, the pain of wounds and the weeks and months of deprivation must truly not be enemies. For none are so eager to get to the front, as long as battles are raging, as those who have fought and bled, who have courted death with that "familiarity which breeds contempt." They yearn for the crash and ugliness, for the suffering and the sacrifice, for the ever impending menace, with an intensity which cannot be said. In knowing in its fulness and completeness the blessing of offering all for others, in the perfection of their power of endurance, through training, self-denial and the actual experience of pain, they have made Fate harmless, as may we all when we will to "endure hardness as a good soldier."

## CHAPTER XVII

### MARGINS

*Whether is greater, the gift or the altar that sanctifieth the gift?*

The Way of Life, starting from the Sea of Nothingness, traverses the Continent of Existence to the Sea of Eternity. This Way begins as a mere thread—the physical path of infancy; later it is joined and broadened by the path of mentality, and life is less hemmed in. But it is not until the great table-land is reached that the Highway is completed by merging with the spiritual path.

Precarious is the physical way in the first days of infancy, barely crawling along a ledge with precipitous sides—a mischance here and irretrievable disaster follows. As we go onward the path widens, its sides are less forbidding, we may venture to the right or to the left a short way without danger, for understanding has widened our margins. Still the reaches of the mind alone, no matter what its cleverness and ability, will not keep us from the pitfalls so numerous along life's way. The broad highway, the King's highway, leads us straight forward over highland and through lowland, for spiritual breadth and safety are added when the spiritual awakening comes. Then only are we safe from dangers physical, and errors mental.

The way of the body has its thousand delights, the fragrance of flowers, the very goodness of physical well-being, the soothing touch of soft hands, the luxuriant caress of silken raiment—so strong their appeal, so temporarily satisfying! But the narrowness of its margins! From the clenching of dimpled fingers at birth to the relaxation of bony hands at death, there is no hour in which physical limitations are not threatening. The crushing force, the molten metal, the corroding poison, the decay of youth, regardless of high or low estate, rend and destroy, and ultimately no wisdom, no sanctity can stay their vandalism.

With what intensity the appeal and the promise of the intellect thrill the youthful fancy. Indeed, life is much too short to satisfy their possibilities. Who can limit the excursions of the mind as it haunts the corridors of the past, bringing to light its secrets and its treasures; or limit its visions of the future as it paints on "a ten league canvas with brushes of comet's hair!" Would it not seem that man's memory and imagination are his supreme gifts and allow him all the latitude to meander over the face of the universe that ambition could desire? But the mind has its unscalable boundaries, the limitations of Reality. Cold as Truth, relentless as Fate, Reality melts into dull mist the castles of the air. With hunger and pain and the cry of need she wakens the dreamer. Reality says "Thou shalt know the truth or taste failure." Cold, apparently heartless, uncompromising as is Reality, it ever points to the spiritual way, it ever proclaims the certainty of the unseen,

it would fairly force body and mind to the recognition of the soul.

The face which looks from out the window as we pass reveals more than ivory skin and hazel eyes, more than emotional intensity or asserting wilfulness; it speaks of discontent or hope, of mother-love or mother-anxiety, of pride, of sorrow; it expresses more than beauty or intelligence—it speaks of the richness or emptiness of a soul. From lives of ease and littleness and weakness hundreds of thousands went to the training camps, crossed the seas and swarmed into the unspeakable trenches, faced for months filth of surroundings, "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday," atug at the leash of command which held them back, soul-thrilling through it all for just a chance to dash to death. Farm-hands, shipping clerks, theological students, mother's pets, east-side rowdies, all merged into oneness of soul by the irresistible potency of the spirit of the Unseen. "War is hell" but it has its glorious heaven—heroism, the power which lifts men from weakness and sordidness to immortality. How inexpressibly the margins of every phase of possibility broaden when the spiritual leads the physical and the mental. What does the gift of physical life mean? What is its greatness when compared with the soul which sanctifieth the life? "Whether is greater, the gift, or the altar which sanctifieth the gift."

Have there not been multitudes, however, who have made the whole journey of life destitute of any conception of the central highway—multitudes

who have merely crept along narrow paths? With unbroadened physical margins they suffer from the touch of any unusual draft; they stifle in a crowded room. Ventilation, too much or too little, commands their untiring but wearying attention. The normal changes from day to night demand abnormal changes in the regulation of windows and doors and clothing. The seat near the window threatens pneumonia. God's fresh out-of-doors which should make for strength and robustness, they treat as an enemy; they have coddled themselves with warmth of room and clothing so long that the power within to convert the heat and chill into added strength and comfort has never been won. With skin untrained, they fear the sweat from the heat, the chill of the night air; nature's periodic shower baths and cooling blankets of fog and mist they must flee, enemies so easily wooed into strength-proffering friendliness when the margins of physical resistance have been broadened through proper use of heat and cold, rain and shine, the skin and its clothing. As a result of defective physical habits, of lives courting only ease, many live physically on the narrow margins of babyhood. Their path still creeps along the fearsome mountain ledge. Food abuses, especially during the first fifteen years of life, produce throngs of dyspeptics whose limited margins of digestive strength have made their life's problem "what to eat," "how much to eat," "when to eat." Digestive strength, one of the corner-stones of physical health, is not theirs, and they sit at the feast with the Sword of Damo-

cles dangling above their heads. How miserably limited the living that must inspect each bite and weigh in the balance of hope and experience each meal. As you start the day's work, do you feel the need of your cup of coffee? Then your nervous margin is narrow—you, yourself, lack something of greater virtue than your morning beverage. Why should you need a whip? What is the matter with your self-starter? Why are the first hours unlike those of the healthy child, the hours of keenness and feeling fine? Why should you not welcome the day with its opportunities, coffee or no coffee? Through lack of wisdom or lack of will, you have allowed your nervous capital to become reduced. Your need for the pick-me-up of coffee, cigarette or the dope of the soda-fountain, indicates unerringly the narrow margin of your reserve. Not that the cup of coffee may not be taken, but the day you feel the need for its artificial help is the day to quit its use.

He was a young bank president, only forty-three. Some farm life, some athletics at school gave him a good start, ambition prodded, opportunity smiled and he burned his candle at both ends. At the head of his bank at thirty-six, he was working hard—systematic and energetic. A sharp hour in the saddle almost every day was helping to keep him fit, Havana cigars helped to push. At forty-three nicotine, not old age, palsied his signature; nicotine had robbed him of his snap. His desk, a few years since a model of system and order, was aclutter. Nicotine had put a saw-edge on his affability, and querulous irritability lost the

bank a customer now and then. He said there was no time for exercise, he knew there was no desire—for nicotine had robbed him of physical and volitional efficiency. Each cigar stump was used to light a fresh Havana, fifteen of which a day had in a few years caused a fine, strong, purposeful young man to come face to face with nervous wreckage. Our ambitious banker was a tobacco-soaked toper.

What a universe is opened to the activities of the mind with our free libraries, with the volumes of the world's best writing on all subjects to be bought for a song, opening a hundred fields of education to every reader. There is no excuse for passing one dull, unimproved hour, and if our will margins were sufficiently widened what a wealth of knowledge we should all attain. But the habit of losing sight of our needs and privileges in the indulgence of our wants is as common as mumps. As a result the average mind is one of but local interests: the speckled hen's chickens, the week's batch of bread, the Friday afternoon sewing circle, the amount of the day's business, the price of cotton, the children's sore throats, or their monthly school report, the daily news, the weekly Sunday-school lesson—and the list of many a family's interests has been retailed. With others rich in the possession of capacity, the working hours are frittered away by the exhaustion of detail. Their energy is not saved by classification, generalizations—the reduction of a score of particulars to a single principle—without which there is no true education.

If we carefully note those who complain most constantly of their lack of energy we shall usually be impressed by their chronic failure to ultilize energy-creating effort. For them the alarm-clock has neither terrors nor joys. Their time of arising is a movable festival, having no certainty but that of inclination. And the alarm-clock may either broaden or narrow our margins of will strength. When its call is habitually ignored, other calls of duty may share a like fate. Used rightly, set regularly to announce a predetermined rising hour, its summons invariably finding one out of bed and on his feet before the last stroke—and the day has begun with a purposeful impetus which augurs well for the forthcoming hours.

We must ever be impressed with the limitless pervasiveness of things spiritual. In our willingness to live lives of inadequate physical sturdiness, and in our contentment to idly float down the stream of mental life, in being satisfied with narrow physical and mental margins, we show spiritual deficiency. So often we do not see clearly for we allow the part to obscure the whole. A hand over the eyes will shut out all of God's visible universe. The evanescent pleasures of the day may eclipse the lasting rewards of "Well done." Even more commonly the loss destroys the gain; thus with the fire which consumes the worldly goods—ambition, incentive, even faith may go, even as the accident which mars beauty of body may disfigure character and mutilate sympathy. With enlarged margins, we are ever receiving larger dividends with compound interests,

while narrow margins unfailingly exact compound penalties. As the soul broadens, life's properties and amenities become of increasingly less value. Walt Whitman with none of the inspirations of home associations saw, and wrote, as have few others of the beauties and sanctity of human relationship. Wordsworth, who never owned a rood of land, sang Nature's songs most sweetly.

Do you live for appearance? Are you more or less than you seem? Then indeed are your margins limited for we are ever hemmed in by our pretensions or their ghosts. With what unthinking freedom does the artisan whistle at his bench, and with what liberty he meets friend and stranger as compared with the hunted uneasiness of him who makes his living by his wits. Uneasy lie many heads wearing unmerited social, artistic, political or business crowns.

Margins are the most elastic of our possessions. Only through neglect and disuse does the path grow up with weeds and become a tangle of undergrowth and briers. The right use of our faculties causes the way to become ever more clear. Men and women of fifty and sixty have changed their physical habits, have learned to eat for efficiency—not indulgence, have learned to invest their strength wisely in the daily exercise which makes healthy, effort-enjoying activity welcome, and thereby have enriched the latter days. Others go through years supposing that they are doing their daily duty to their muscles, performing pallid caricatures of physical exercise, efforts persevered in which barely increase rapidity of heart-beat and

depth of breathing. That marginal strength which keeps the body constantly prepared for the unexpected, which gradually and certainly develops physical independence, is won only through daily putting the voluntary and vital muscles to an honest strain of effort, making them fairly crack and pant and pain, for with our physical selves we wring lasting comfort out of discomfort. In truth, our only safety from the growth of uncomfortable sensations is to resolutely strangle them in their early days. Coddled and nursed, fed by attention and wrapped in soft flannels, they grow into veritable pampered monstrosities, ever waxing more burdensome.

Our mental margins will grow apace when we rightly invest our will in mastery. The daily gratuitous mental effort, the learning a verse, the careful reading of an abstract chapter, the solving of some problem—the extra doing is the price for the extra strength. Who can measure the ultimate possibilities of the human will? Generations of red men stood in worshipful awe beside the onrush of the mighty Niagara. To-day the will of the white man has already lessened its volume and would have reduced this awful and tremendous thing to a mere trickle had it not been saved by the laws of two countries—utilitarianism held in check only by sentiment. The mind is a giant in its possibilities of power. The certain annoyances of daily living are most frequently leakages of will strength, yet they all may be converted into will power. Late trains, delayed appointments occasion fidgets and fuming, fussing

and strong language, or the vigorous burning of unneeded tobacco, with resultant lessening of the margin of patience. A vestpocket edition of poems or classics or essays will not only save the tobacco and the patience, but surely add to one's mental store and will strength.

The only margins which cover and compensate for deficiencies of body and mind are those which can be acquired equally in sickness or in health, by the uneducated as by the college-bred. No heritage of gold, no finesse of tutelage assures development of soul. The spirit cannot be bought, cannot be given by teachers—it must be wrought within. No wholeness of life is possible in its absence. Even materialistic Huxley thus spoke of beauty: "When I look out upon the fields and when I hear music, I feel that these are gifts from the Great Author. They are not essential—man did not need music and beauty and flowers and fields in order to develop his body and his mind." Huxley realized there is something more than body and mind—he did not say it—let us say it for him: God gave beauty to woo man's soul, to make him realize there is more than the physical, more than the mental. While Germany remembered this she was truly great. When we count her glory it is the glory of Germany poor and struggling. German art, German literature, German music, German religion were the products of Germany aspiring. Germany strong, successful, masterful, wealthy, was Germany showing a pitiful poverty in the idealistic, the artistic and the humanistic.

We may illustrate the all-comprehensive spiritual by its expression of love. Self-love is a physical heritage and to stimulate it the sensuous body offers a most enticing list of gratifications, from coarseness to nicety. The developing mind demands a higher quality of love and accepts the value of others' acts, recognizes merit, honors ability—and we are attracted thereby to those having superior qualities. It is for the soul to know perfect love, the love that sees the need in weakness, the love that pities misfortune, the love that suffereth long and is kind, that thinketh no evil, that endureth all things, the love that never faileth. Such love finds new sympathies in every failure, in every affliction. Charitable love enriches itself by mining for the gold of good, hidden somewhere in each soul. Through charitable love we may broaden our margins into that divine unity which finds something in common with all, the sure promise of something in common with eternity.

# CHAPTER XVIII

## HEALING

*Thy faith hath made thee whole.*

To the average man, the matter-of-fact man of the street, disease is a certainty, an entity to be reckoned with when it arrives. Colds, rheumatism, typhoid and tuberculosis, scarlet fever and blood-poisoning are as unquestionably real to him as the storm that blows down his fruit-trees or the prostrating 105° in the shade. But all people are not matter-of-fact; many assume and hold fast to one of two extreme attitudes toward sickness. The numerically larger group is composed of disease-mongers. To these unfortunates, disease in its many possible and more impossible forms is their point of least resistance, the subject of their most instant response, the burden of their thought, their feeling, their converse. From mere careless retailers of their own symptoms to ready delineators of multiplied experiences, the gamut is a long one. These pitiful, self-centered natures ignore the unquestionable power of fear-suggestion and selfishly regardless of the unwholesome boredom they inflict, they relate and reiterate the wearisome details of their sicknesses *ad nauseam.* To the disease-monger, the unhealthy abnormalities of physical experience attain a mental fascina-

tion which would suggest at least a degree of mental disorder. And to this class facts are rarely sufficient. Each ailment is exalted into a seriousness which is not moral. A mere fainting-spell in childhood, of no more danger or real moment than a sneezing-spell, is sufficient, with the disease-monger, or especially with the disease-monger's mother, to forever alter certain habits of thought or methods of living. From that momentous event, "hard study," "household responsibilities," "violent exercise" are avoided as a fatality—the doing avoided but the discussing, never.

The normal person feels an immense relief when he escapes the noisome vaporings of the retailers of disease, and finds himself in the comparatively wholesome society of those avowing the other extreme attitude, the disease-deniers. Is it not a hint of "what we shall be" to know those who have experienced some special dispensation of Divine Power and have risen above any possibility of sin, as claimed by the self-termed Sanctificationist? Is it not equally suggestive of a super-mundane existence to assume that aches and ills are entirely extraneous to human life? Prophetic, we may grant, but authentic, rational, righteous—no!

Seated at one's fireside, well-fed and with all needs and most desires fully filled, or in the inspiring atmosphere of a classical temple of worship, with senses caressed by the mellow tones of the great organ and the softened light filtering gently through beauteous art-glass windows, smug and comfortable, fairly hypnotized by physical

good-feeling, mental tranquillity and spiritual contentment, it is easy to believe that there is no such thing as disease, that it is but mortal error. Yes, it is easy to be deluded—easy to delude self. It is easy to stop one's ears to the call of the slums, to the groans of the suffering thousands, who find relief and hope only in the heart of charity—the charity which founds hospitals for the helpless, the charity that enters into the lives of surgeons, physicians and social workers who give not only their tenth but often their half of total working strength, who even sacrifice their all in their noble efforts to roll back the rock of Sisyphus, which would crush out decency and hope. It is easy to grip one's bankbook and refuse the heroic medical missionary the paltry dollars needed to make him a literal savior of his kind. Let us understand that we in no wise alter a condition by changing its name, and the "error" of the disease-denier is but a fictitious name for disease itself. "Error" or disease, the slums are there in their squalor, with their hollow cheeks and hacking coughs. The hospitals fairly swarm with the deformed, fairly groan with the mangled and the dismembered, and fairly choke with the putridity of foul infections. The modern battle-trench is a conglomerate mass of muck and clay and the partially decomposed remnants of human beings, a few weeks since, living men, digging themselves into safety in this same charnel-house. Disease and death not reality? Then did the Master Heart deceive the Master Mind when twenty centuries ago the Wisest of them all min-

istered daily to the sick, the lame and blind and the devil-possessed.

Medical science groups diseases into three classes—mechanical, chemical and psychic. Examples of the first of these are most obvious: the dislocated joint, the mangled hand, the deforming tumor, the corroding cancer, burns, crossed eyes, cleft palates, clubfeet and blindness, illustrate the many varieties of physical disturbances due to mechanical deficiencies or injuries. The chemistry of the human body is most intricate and involved, most delicately sensitive to alteration. The body is indeed one of the most remarkable chemical laboratories known. Certain of its chemical reactions must be constant, otherwise illness or death supervenes. Thus it is impossible to combine with it even small amounts of arsenic, strychnin, aconitin, without hopelessly damaging vital centers of the brain or action of the heart. A few breaths of the vicious gases used in trench-warfare, and life is extinct. Germ-produced toxins may be fatally virulent, for through their chemical effect upon blood cells or the tissues of the body they cause tuberculosis, dread cholera, the suffocating membraneous-croup, the disintegrating leprosy and scores of other infections. No less common are chemical disturbances of a damaging or an ultimately fatal nature, caused by wrong habits of nutrition. Countless sufferers have robbed their lives of reasonable comfort, have wretchedly reduced their daily efficiency, have woefully lessened their length of years by eating and drinking themselves into disease.

Mental and moral hurts and defects account for the remaining large class, the psychically disturbed. The belief in the presence of a disease which is not existent may be as debilitating as the disease itself. We all have neighbors who catch whatever is going the rounds. During epidemics each physician visits patients to find them covered head and ears in bed, yet presenting no sign whatever of the grip, the typhoid, or the diphtheria then prevalent. Numberless ailments of stomachs and hearts, of glands, of throats and eyes are but disorders in action resulting from disturbances of the sympathetic nervous system, scientifically termed "functional disorders." In such patients, no nicety of physical or chemical examination will show the slightest alteration of tissue, the trouble being in the emotional centers, a trouble which no microscope can discern.

Self-centeredness and fear are the arch-demons, introducing psychic disorders, and it is enlightening to note how frequently we may substitute the word "moral" for psychic. So long as self with its feelings and interests is made first, occupying the spot-light of one's attention, the threat of psychic suffering is imminent. Few penalties are more unerringly exacted than the development of hypersensitiveness by which the mind punishes the essential immorality of the self-centered life.

Analyzed, fear is found to be usually but another expression of selfishness. The majority of fear-sufferers would refute this imputation, would claim that fear is instinctive, would emphasize the protective feature of fear, would quote authority

on the righteousness of fear—and fear is protective and may be righteous. It all depends upon what we fear and when, and what fear inspires us to do. The fear of typhoid fever is protective if it keeps us from drinking unboiled surface-water, if it sends us to the health department regularly that we may be scientifically vaccinated. But the fear of typhoid which causes us to shun the bedside where help is needed, the fear which haunts our eating and drinking and disturbs our daily duties is the coward's fear. Many wretched souls are unable to drive a mile in an auto or take a railway or steamer trip without morbid fear of accident. Theirs are perfect dread-lives; they early infect their children, whom they deny, from the first, health-giving and courage-developing sports. Tree climbing, coasting, skating, swimming, baseball, football are not for the fear-infected mothers' boys. Even running, jumping, rope-skipping and swinging are not for her daughters. The fear of death to the fearsome is so constantly an apparition that no day passes but their throats feel the threat of his strangle-hold, or their spines shiver from the chill of his breath. No description is adequate to give more than a hint of the vast world of psychic suffering.

Folks get sick, and folks get well. There are accurate laws of healing. The watchmaker does not inject quinin into the internals of an erratic clock, nor does he take it to church and pray for its soul; he oils and regulates its springs and bearings. The surgeon does not dose the man's broken leg with quinin, nor request the prayers of the

congregation for the unfortunate femur. He sets the displaced bone-ends according to the simple laws of mechanics, and carefully keeps them in place for three weeks with practically adjusted splints. The gaping wound is no longer an object of mummerings or incantations, but is deftly tailored on the same principles as the rent trousers. Charms and amulets have long since been proven disqualified to renew decayed teeth. The dentist with his skilful mechanical ingenuity removes diseased areas and repairs and restores. The half-ounce of carbolic acid swallowed by mistake quickly proves fatal in the face of bandages swathed around the burning throat or poultices applied over the painful stomach. Priest and prayer-book are alike helpless save as a solace to those left behind. But the prompt administration of a few spoonfuls of Epsom Salts, in solution, promptly neutralizes the burning, destroying poison. A chemical law of healing has been righteously invoked. Even so do we show forth our righteousness when we protect ourselves against disfiguring smallpox, the death-dealing lock-jaw and hydrophobia, by combating these infections with the scientifically truthful vaccine or antitoxin. Less dramatic but none the less certain is arrest of the health devastation produced by poisons emanating from undeserved foods or from irreligious tobacco and alcohol, by rigorously checking these excesses and by daily cleansing the physical house, by sending the refining oxygen to each body-cell through energetic and adequate exercise. Ever the law of healing is the restoration of har-

mony between man and the forces of the physical, the mental or the spiritual.

In psychic disturbances the ideas of disease and weakness must be displaced by those of health and ability. The power of self-centeredness will continue to deform the soul until it gives way to unselfishness, that power which enlists the best of self for the good of others. Dwarfing fear will continue a growing menace to the soul until displaced by the faith which says and believes "I will fear no evil"—a faith which faces danger, when its presence is needed, sublimely superior to its threat, superbly conscious of duty. Faith is the great curative of the numberless disorders caused by fear. Faith in magic and symbols, faith in rubbing and electricity, faith in belts and braces and patent medicines—the faith, not its object, works the cure. The miracles did not end with the Apostles. For many centuries the tomb of Becket was a yearly repository for the canes and crutches of the halt and lame, left as testimonials of restoration. Within a generation forty thousand professed physical healing through the influence of an illiterate, crude, licentious monk, the Curé d'Ars of Lyons; while but recently Lourdes has been a world-famed curative Mecca—all evidences of the psychic law of healing: that faith in health, no matter how inspired, can dissipate the physical manifestations of disease due to fear.

Faith is given man to lead him to a saving knowledge, a practical working knowledge of the known ways of the law; faith is given man to lead him in safety through the wilderness of the

unknown. We cannot too highly exalt this quality of the soul. Faith would fasten our grip even more firmly upon the known and demonstrated laws governing physical and mental life; while faith in the unalterable goodness of the Unseen would rob the vast and inscrutable future, here and hereafter, of all fearsome uncertainty. The first act of wholesome faith as a health-saving power is to replace the ignoble spirit of infirmity with the ideal of the masterful sense of health. The worthiness of Christian Science is found in its demonstrated ability to stop the nervous invalid from talking and thinking about his ills by substituting a joyous, even if a blind optimism. We have already seen that well-being can never be a matter of avoirdupois or digestive power, but will ever be based on that faith which accepts understanding, and when understanding cannot be, the faith that passeth understanding. Disease and physical failure are sure to come; they are indeed God-given conditions which can be made beautiful and wholesome. The human soul may wring blessings out of illness, as all are blessed who determine in their hearts to suffer perfectly, when suffering comes. Who may not with David exclaim: "Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress." How wholesome we may make our sickness! What a largeness of vision, a growth of charity, an unknown and unwonted tenderness, a saving profusion of patience may come! With these virtues added, what a new largeness of life is ours, how comparatively small becomes any mere wholeness of the body!

Through all this discussion of suffering and healing have we not already visioned the profound and all but saving truth that physical healing is incidental? It is only with the shallow nature that health of body can long remain life's vital factor. The faith which has made thee whole bears thy soul triumphant through every illness, and promises that even the apparent defeat of death shall prove the perfect healing, shall be, indeed, the eternal restoration.

## CHAPTER XIX

### WORK

*Work with your own hands.*

We cannot escape Nature's quiet but reiterated intimations that our world was made for workers. Nature herself stands as the perfect example. The most powerful reflector discloses progressive activity in the deepest depths of the heavens. The modern oil-immersion lens reveals multiplied activities in the most minute of substances. Modern chemistry proclaims that its ultimate theoretic division of matter, the atom, is a whirlpool of energy, an infinitesimal solar system. The stolid mountains in the distance represent unbelievable masses of potentiality with activities humanly inconceivable, thrilling their very core. We peep over the edge of the nest and note those inert globules of robin's egg blue. Surely they are at rest. But Biology says "No." Even here Nature's hand, with the cunning of the artist, is modeling with almost incredible activity that plastic mass of protoplasm; and from its formlessness, the delicate unseen fingers deftly shape first the spinal cord, then add line to line through an ascending series of changes, molding the contour of the body, fashioning the wings and

those organs which stand for vital expression, polishing to brilliancy the alert and appealing eye, planting the thousands of cells which are to grow into a foliage of feathers, and tuning the throat for its wealth of perfect melody. In a few days this living thing is ready to greet life—to meet it on equal terms, fulfilling the eternal law of the universe, of first receiving and then giving. In these few days Nature has wrought what the myriads of mankind, past and present, have been unable to imitate.

To primitive man such conceptions of the fineness of workmanship were unthought. For him it was to secure food or to be used as food—and there was no escape for Adam and many of his line. As we consider the masses to-day, the primitive necessity for meeting the primal need of something to eat constitutes their chief problem of existence—and it still is "Work or starve," for millions of humanity. Even in times of peace when fortunate nations were luxuriating in the midst of decaying plenty, the inhabitants of India and of China and nearby Ireland were periodically desolated by starvation; while it will ever be an incontrovertible law that when war starts, the hand of production is changed into the fist of destruction, and arm-in-arm with the specter of war will stalk mocking starvation. And so it was that Nature started man early on the right road, compelling him to work for his very existence.

But with the command for work came the promise of progress, and the choicest of the children of men have ever approached the solution of the prob-

lem of happiness led by their realization of the joys which come through ordered, intelligent, industrious work. The influence of such workers has gradually permeated civilized habits, until now in normal times one man's labor easily feeds a family, when utilizing the innovations of scientific agriculture, the chemistry of food preservation, and the complicated but strikingly efficient methods of food transportation. He has found these modern helps to industry powerful levers multiplying his strength manyfold. And it is here that we uncover the first great curse of work; the work of one may permit the idleness of another. Instead of the burden which hung so deadly over primitive man being lightened by progress, giving to all mitigated seasons of labor and augmented periods of repose, the evil in man, the selfishness of humanity has perverted advancement to ease-loving ends.

Slavery was then instituted. The family lived in self-indulgent idleness, fed and cared for, slaved for by its group of unfortunates. "Divine right!" proclaimed the voice of the strong. But is divine right that damnable right of might? Inevitably the stench of human slavery rose heaven-high until even the most primitive sense of justice could but question the love of God for man. Our kind is to-day dwarfed and soulless in comparison with its possible developmental opportunities as a result of this curse of our ancestors. The slavery of the present is less obnoxious to the sensitive, but almost equally disheartening to the earnest seeker for man's high estate. The

divine command "Work!" is evaded by more and more of the self-termed "Fortunates," and resented by increasing numbers of the self-pitying "Unfortunates" who go to their daily tasks driven still as galley-slaves, having no glimpse of the joy of doing, but mutely, or petulantly or anarchistically rebelling at their lot—filled with envyings of the idle rich. They rail at the monotony of the day's work, blind to the vision of Adam Bede who with his feet fairly buried in shavings from his industry ever tuned forth that joyous whistling which was but the overflow of perfect contentment, the contentment of noble, high thinking. Resenting what they call the slavery of their lot, they remain "Unfortunates" through the vital error of failing to master even that lot, and drag on dissatisfied and dissatisfying, illy-tolerated incompetents. The very wood and stone and clay with which they toil lament their lack of skill, their indolence; for even obdurate wood and stone and clay reveal their treasures according to the character which we bring to them. The slave of to-day feels in his heart that he is too good for his job: he is too good to work with his hands. Labor became a dishonor, an occupation for slaves only, in ancient Greece and Rome, and these great empires fell through the demoralizing vices bred of idleness. Nor is individual character to-day more proof against the rotting infections of sloth than were those empires of the past. Is it not clear that when man began to use his cunning to relieve him of the necessity for work with his hands, and thus divided mankind into masters and slaves,

both were alike cursed? The pride of idleness develops, and with it the contemptible childish ostentation of conspicuous waste. Condescendingly, flamboyant wealth tosses its gold to the struggling lower classes, who, grasping it fist-tight, can but poorly hide the instinctive wish that it might be throats rather than dollars they clutch.

We rightfully grasp at and strive for the best; but there is an infinite gulf between getting the best for self, and getting the best out of self. And our ignorance of, or blindness to this truth, has served to destroy the possibilities of perfect joy in the lives of those worked for, not less certainly than in those who slaved. What if we were all millionaires and refused to work with our hands! What a shabby, starved lot we should soon be! Who would replace worn-out shoes and wash soiled frocks? Who could invent bank-notes that would woo the coal from the mine or the wheat from the soil or the fish from the sea? At the end of one month starvation would be rife. Or should invention ever reach that pinnacle of perfection where machinery could do all these things and thus allow man's muscles to dally only with idleness, where would the machine be that could manufacture happiness—or even an imitation of that wealth of well-being which comes to all who have wrought worthily?

Another class would know both the joy of serving and of being served. They plan to remain industrious until forty or fifty, then to retire with a competence, retire to become fat and flabby and

out of breath and soon dependent upon tailor or modiste to fix their figures presentably. It is significant how soon their features, recently alert and contented, take on the critical, bored look of the well-to-do idle. He who evades the command to work, the command of Nature, of our own brain and muscle, fairly jeers the gods.

Weariness is normally but a passing phase, of no harm save as we resent or fear it, excepting only when it is the weariness of weakness, which is usually the weariness of indolence, and to those who surrender to such weakness, mere physical comfort finally becomes the great problem of life. Exercising the jaws only, fairly stewing in their own juices, they finally become so saturated with the certain poisons of indolence that the simplest effort stirs up a hornets' nest. And it is a pain here, a neuralgia there, and a jab of acute suffering somewhere else until the victim is semi-paralyzed in anticipation of the "excruciations" which are the penalty of unwonted, unaccustomed effort.

Have we thought of the true mission of work? Have we realized that it represents the obstacles between man and his desires? To many the world's evil has been the world's riddle. The world's evil is simply man's false method of satisfying desires. Desire is humanity's greatest asset. The intricacy and multiplicity of his desires have been the basis of all man's progress, but whenever he has been willing to satisfy desire at the expense of another's denial, loss, or suffering, the falseness of selfishness has entered in to curse. Humanity has too long sung the siren's song of

the joys of rest. If we "sing the Lord's song," it will be of the joys of work; and to know these joys a few simple axioms will suffice. The fundamental harmlessness of fatigue will readily be obvious to all with open minds who watch the play of healthy children and listen knowingly to the glad voices of sport. But there will be a few who are inflated with the conceit that they are essentially exceptions to the established laws of flesh and blood; who are quick to excuse themselves with the "I am different, you know." Let them think for a moment of that victorious muscle which, through all the ages, has been behind the execution of every activity, constructive or otherwise, born in man's marvelous brain. Conceive of that muscle which from birth to death is in ceaseless activity, not for six or even eight, but for ten solid hours of each twenty-four. Through months and years, it labors on, in contraction two-fifths of the time. Think of the tireless, triumphant human heart when you would protect your flabby selves! Then understanding should accept the renovating power of healthy muscles in use as a more perfect house-cleaning system than man's most effective vacuum cleaner.

How rarely is it muscle fag that keeps us from work! And yet cheap aristocracy allows us a certain pride when we speak of our physical weakness; and how that same aristocracy resents the blunt truth which answers "Not muscle fag but will fag." Were human wills as enduring as human muscles, we should hear infinitely less of the inability to work because of weak backs, or sag-

ging, displaced interiors. The thinking, and thereby the leading classes, have so long been saturated with false ideas of work, that the man or woman who finds in his daily task the genuine joy of productive effort, is a notable exception—a curiosity to be "monocled at."

There is a wealth of joy in play which the masses do not know, but the world's true store-house of joy will ever be found in the teaching of Mother Nature which would lead us to the work-shop. To discover this we must go deeper than the psychology of work, for it has its moral side which must not be minced. Many are willing to work as masters; many others, defectives or slaves perforce, serve through life. It is only when you and I and the higher grades of men and women do our daily bit shoulder to shoulder with high and low alike, and become fellow-workers; it is only when the world's great problems of effort are wrought out in universal fellowship that man can honestly speak of the "brotherhood of man." The ascendancy of labor and the ascendancy of character will be worked out hand in hand. For through labor only do we truly give, and giving is the great cosmic law. "Work with your own hands," is the gospel message of hope, morality and religion. Should we need conviction of this, let us look from the mortal to the Divine, where we are met by the picture of the Perfect Man, quietly, earnestly working as a carpenter with his own hands for eighteen years, that he might the better minister three.

## CHAPTER XX

### COOPERATION

*One soweth and another reapeth.*

Truly meekness is becoming to our estate. When man considers his utter dependence upon many of his surroundings and his absolute helplessness in the least to change them, the spirit of meekness should cover him as a mantle. Man is a microscopic mote upon his whirling planet, whose ultimate course he can but vaguely prophesy though in no fraction modify; scorched by the burning rays of the sun which gives him life, frigid in the absence of its saving warmth, yet with all his vaunted progress, he remains powerless to change one degree its total supply of heat. Hanging upon a military decision, the political life of a nation trembles in the balance. The success of a surprise attack upon its enemies is the measure of its fate, and a people pray for midnight darkness. Unbedimmed the full-orbed moon reveals every evidence of their preparation. The war is lost and for two generations the progress of a people's liberty is checked. The crops fail and the unfortunates of a country slowly starve, yet a world's need cannot hasten seed time and harvest by so much as a week. At our very

doors the ocean-tides ebb and flow recking not convenience or inconvenience, utility or waste, submerging life and property, daily leaving millions of marine creatures stranded and drying on the sands to perish. The master of the earth may not alter even an inch the rise and fall of the sea's great bosom as it breathes through the ages.

Helpless is this human mote in relation to the fixed laws of change governing the universe and its planets. Equally limited does he find himself when he considers his own estate. Capable of sending his mind to the very ends of spatial confines, amply able to seek and know the laws of nature's inevitable movements, equipped to picture states and conditions of existence where change and pain and enmity cannot be, he finds these very abilities rooted in an intimate relation of a timeless soul with a rapidly altering body. Body-cluttered his soul is, yet he is convinced that the very stability of that soul depends upon lengthening years of association with its frail tenement. Fifty years—a mere half century—represent the limit of man's productive days; a few more mark the span of his existence here below. How momentous the choice of these years, yet in no least way may he choose his generation, may he choose his country, his parentage, the quality of his flesh, the blueness of his blood. "Helpless as a babe" is this acme of impotence. Through birth, rearing and his years of accountability, he is held vise-like by the limitations of his senses. The avenues which he traverses in quest of knowledge are few. They run in a half-dozen

directions only, and leave him ever conscious of the vastness of the unknown. Through touch, a large but still limited group of sensations brings him information—pain and pleasure travel this road. Sight and hearing disclose other vistas, but to the Songs of the Pleiades he must be deaf. Nor can he in any wise change the law of his senses so as to bring the great unseen world before his vision. A creature indeed, a prisoner of time, an atom in the cosmos—such truly does this estimate of his powers characterize him.

Probably physical man will never transcend his temporal limitations. But there have always been those who have presumed a worldly self higher than time, more important than the inevitable, superior to the Universe itself. Unthinkingly many have so believed and lived, as do all who reject the unchanging certainty of underlying laws of the body, mind and spirit kingdoms. Cooperation is the fitting of self into the best needs of the hour. Only as we accept law as the essential condition to life do we truly live; only as we coöperate with the unswervable principles of existence may we attain whole living. Our obligations of devotion are never met by mere homage to the powers that be; the law of life is never fulfilled until our debt to humanity is met. Man can occupy no estate so high that its very creation and continuance do not leave him a beneficiary. Beneficiaries we all are of the pain, the thought and toil of our kind. The dawn of life is but the culmination of months of discomfort and pain, is but the beginning of years of personal care and of all the

thoughtfulness which love may create. Each shred of garment, each dish of food, every hour of pleasure stand for the patient toil of unknown others, without which the King would starve—a gutter-beggar in a few days.

Dependent surely is every man upon unnumbered agencies outside himself. Yet who does not strive for individuality; who, in his eagerness to rise, has not ventured down some of the thousand unwholesome roads of self-exaltation; who has not at some time believed that in this great cosmic entity his selfish interests were not sacred? In palace, counting house and homes innumerable, the aggrandizement of self, the pluming and preening of self have added their certain share to the totality of human misery. Of the ways of life, the one which most unescapably leads to the blight of human emptiness is an aimless existence. The second way, that of personal ambition, of selfish fightings, strivings and connivings, can only finally end in the blank darkness of soul-isolation, the unutterable loneliness of a selfish self.

Any conception of man's estate, nevertheless, is but a half-truth which does not recognize his unassailable independence. Man may be more than man—who has not felt the call of the superman within? He may not alter to the millionth of a second the time of his earth's revolution, the millionth of an inch the course of his sun, the moon or the tides; he may not add one uttermost fraction to the fulness or the emptiness of the seasons, nor change the hour of his birth. But neither can sun, moon nor stars, nor all the pow-

ers which grip his helpless frame rob him of his superhuman ability to make certain resolutions and to keep them. His soul bows in homage to no forces of the corporeal. The achievements of man have shown that he is an engine with a will, that within his limitations he acknowledges no master. It is not remarkable that he becomes puffed up: that, having independence, he falsifies his power, and that through all the ages he has multiplied his privileges until the power of liberty has been degraded by the ignorant and the weak into the slavery of license. Through the wilful abuse of pleasure he has violated the unalterable laws of happiness. He has thus through the generations been missing joy and finding pain.

Few of mankind's errors have been more fatal to the progress of our race than the misuse of freedom. Freedom calls to all. Freedom would enlist every son of man in her ranks, but she ever maintains her high tribunal and places a brand of defeat upon all who offend her rigid law of discipline. Freedom without discipline must ever be false. Yet with what bounty nature rewards the obedient. Nature's laws, when known, will be found ever dependable; whether the law of the soil, the law of the heavens, the law of assimilation, the laws of charity, of wrath, of purse, of body and of soul they are as certain as the shining of next summer's sun. Science and wholesome religion have already entered the domain of the vast unknown and robbed it of its terrors to ages past, and made it friendly to man. Man is learning that the truthful impartiality of na-

ture is never an act of enmity, that Nature is not loveless, but that her laws are as sacred as the God who gave them, as available to me as to you, as certain for us both as the tireless attraction of gravitation. Science has shown that there is no impartiality, that the forces which govern our onrushing planet are identical with those which hold the flaming constellation of Orion safe in the trackless heavens. Ambition has been given and is as subject to law as the stars themselves. The ambition which damns is but a perverted use of human individuality. Pure ambition is that greatest of all calls to the human soul, the call to service. And service with all it costs of weariness and self-forgetting, is but the soul which converts the experiences of life into deathless character.

As we review the great forces in the midst of which man's lot is cast, as we weigh his known limitations and powers, the revelation must come clear that life's highest obligation is our willing and persistent coöperation with the higher. The soldier who honors not the authority represented by his officer is so far a traitor; the nurse who does not give homage to the office of her senior is unworthy her high calling; the child which honors not its parent is an ingrate; the man who looks not up in devotion to his God has lost his way. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," and all who respond not in hourly homage to the superiority of ability and accomplishment, to sustained high resolution to godliness of life and heart are of the foolish. A wholesome attitude to

superiority is a certain seal of wisdom, for the honor of leadership is only worthily held when earned through the ability to recognize right and to follow it. Let us never be deceived into thinking that coöperation stands for the submergence of individuality—the very power of coöperation must ever assume the power of individuality.

Education in its high sense is the elevation of the individual, the exaltation of self by systematic coöperation with the laws of knowledge which must ever be the coördination of truths.

Who has not heard the call of duty? Who has not felt opportunity pluck his sleeve and urge "This task now"? Who has come to his years of maturity and not heard again and again the cry for help—the cry which to many comes first from the kitchen, the barn, the field, the shop, the store, from the poor unkempt, even from the unworthy. Each of us has his hourly call to duty, and by his response is hourly presenting his contribution to life.

None can escape individual work without automatically becoming a parasite. Pauperism and invalidism lay their heavy toll upon the productive efforts of the workers. Invalids are not found in animal life; the well and strong refuse to be burdened by nonproducers, and quickly drive the disabled from their midst, to die. Thus the blood of the weaklings is not handed down to cripple coming generations. One of the saddest burdens which humanity has developed, one of the most useless parasites known, is the self-pitying, domineering, satisfied, unproductive invalid. Out

of harmony with the wholesome principles of co-operation, the invalid exists through the mercy of his kind. There are those, it is good to say, who from beds of sickness have flashed forth daily messages of fortitude, have been gripping examples of inspiring gratitude, have, in their frailty, softened hearts selfish and hard, by practically proving that the power of the Divine can quicken frailty into the heroic.

The earth, the skies, the sea, our day and generation have lavished the stores of infinity upon us all. The very heavens have opened in a revelation of the Perfect Character to call each one to a definite duty. It will rarely be the duty we would choose, but until we learn the beauty of the common-place, the riches of a high calling will never be known.

The only daughter, she was, in a home of moderate means; two men-folks required much feeding and housekeeping; the mother was unusually industrious, cheery and uncomplaining. Play-days passed with no thought of duties for daughter; the grammar and high-school years, with their home study and the inevitable piano-thrumming, crassly termed "music," left apparently no time for house-work. At eighteen, Daughter had practically never made a bed, cooked a meal or washed a dish, while the details of the mother's work had increased. To no one in the family did the thought come that Daughter should help mother. So while one toiled, the other's life was given to the reading of many novels—good ones, a Sunday-school class and small town parties.

From the first she had been saved for big things. Her provincial successes convinced her that she was of the chosen, and she confidently awaited the call that would enlist in an intense and satisfying measure the yet unused richnesses of her nature. Five years of unproductive waiting passed with daily references to her ever-present desire to find her life's work, to take up the burden of her duty if she "just knew what it was." Meanwhile, the crispness of the piecrust, the brightness of the kitchen kettles, the spick-and-spanness of cellar and garret enslaved her mother, who aged rapidly and, suddenly, in a night, left her home of toil, fifteen years before her time. Home was now no place for Daughter. Through influence, she was appointed to the Mission field. She represented a struggling denomination, and was sent to the Far East, righteously enthusiastic in her call to a great service. This enthusiasm lasted three months, then came three months of struggling wit reality, three months then of disability for this girl, naturally above the average in health and physical strength. The long trip back to the States was followed by months in a sanitarium for the nervous, and thousands of dollars of the Lord's money had been wasted by one whose years of avoiding plain, homely, mother-saving duties had created a sham character, ready to crumble at the first pressure of service. At forty, she is still negotiating with doctors for unearned health and undeserved happiness.

To delight in the simple is one of the finest evidences of culture. To be able to smile back the

violet's nodded greeting; to reread old books, and to find the old joy rekindle as the old-fashioned faces gravely or gayly come forth from their pages; to rummage the old attic chest and feel again the tenderness of early associations, so tender that we fairly hallow the quaint old gown and stiff, almost forgotten dress of those who came before—to live thus is to live finely. Where can we go, what can we touch, whom can we meet, but we find some need with which to share our good? Our one talent—only one it may be, contains riches not possessed by another. Something to share each has. It may be mere excess of dollars. Then let no day pass that sees not some alleviation of another's want. It may be the greater wealth of patience, the only virtue we possess, but how the world thirsts for that single quality. Give it, and freely! The still greater wealth of abiding faith, or the greatest of all, charity, may be yours to use. But whatever your talent, the daily giving, the daily transferring your good into other lives is a coöperation with the Infinite which will merit the Infinite "Well-done."

> Who digs a well or plants a seed
> A sacred pact he keeps with sun and sod,
> With these he helps refresh and feed the world
> And enters partnership with God.

## CHAPTER XXI

### FREEDOM

*But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, . . . faith, . . . temperance; against these there is no law.*

Who would not solve the mystery of existence? Who does not crave revelation of the riddles of the whence, the why, the whither of human life? Philosophers have pondered, imaginations have soared, reason has investigated through the ages that these questions, so easily asked, might be answered. But the enigma remains unanswered, the chaos continues nebulous till the understanding turns to and begins to comprehend law and its follower, order. To the untaught a lump of clay is a mystery which curiously does not excite curiosity. Families have starved, peoples have subsisted in want and poverty for generations, because the chemistry of the soil of their fields was unknown or unstudied. To-day the comparatively simple laws of inorganic chemistry are being utilized on farm and in factory to quadruple productiveness.

Much more complex—still offering even to the scientist much of the unsolved, are the problems of the chemistry of life. Workers in physiologic laboratories chafe at the slowness with which the

laws of the intricate reactions of the living tissues to food and disease are revealed. Here science becomes almost impatient, for more perfect human health, and therefore man's greater comfort and efficiency, lie behind Nature's silences.

Of still higher value and even more baffling are the laws governing the mind. The intricacies of the intellect, the subtleties of the emotions, the mysteries of the will are yet understood but superficially. The tremendous force represented in man's mind is manifest when we realize that it has raised him from brutehood to manhood. Much, very much is already clear, though we know that the depths of our understanding of mental law have but begun to be sounded. Certain it is that the thought-life is subject to definite, ordered expression. When we are tempted to turn away from efforts in mental improvement because we are apparently so hopelessly outdistanced by another whom the world terms a "genius," feeling that the gifts of life have been unfairly distributed, we mistake. The genius who makes good, works—even as you and I—yes, his success will be found not a happening, but always the product of intensive efforts. Has it not graphically and truly been said "Genius is one-tenth inspiration, nine-tenths perspiration." Wisely as well as intensively must genius work—work will ever remain the only road to intellectual achievement.

There remain the laws of the spiritual—those gentle powers, within which abide the mysteries which raise man from humanity to divinity. How poor are most of us in our comprehension of the

soul and the metaphysical. How thoughtless indeed are most of us, in the hurly-burly of the day's work and play, of that potentially eternal self we have been given as our most vital possession. It, too, is under the law, but the expressions of spiritual law are so constantly in conflict with the apparent laws of the body that we remain mystified, if not altogether careless, till the great light of the eternal breaks in upon our soul's understanding—till the vision above reason is ours —the vision of faith in the Everlasting.

The world dangles a million pleasures and hopes before our vision, many of which would defy the laws of the soul, of the mind, even of the physical. Shall we master these profound, far-reaching and apparently irksome laws of existence, or shall we simply live a life of enjoyment? The question would seem foolish to most of us, were we not surrounded by the many who have trod the primrose path to find it leads to barrenness and failure, to suffering and servility. Servility is truly the curse of the law. The law that would save may as truly enslave. From the dawn of history the strong have enslaved the weak. The inferior individual has served the superior. Undeveloped races have borne the yoke of the more advanced. Two generations ago the law of much of our land recognized man's right to hold the negro enslaved —a "divine right," many claimed. "The negro is inferior, he has no soul, he is better off cared for by his master." These statements express much of truth, and the negro would have continued a chattel through future generations had it not been

that now and then a soul of purest white was found encased in dusky skin. The exceptional negro, through his ability to perfectly adjust himself to his lowly lot, to show forth in his life the beautiful principles of the meek and lowly One, disclosed to honest minds that the Creator had not denied the negro a soul and the possibility of divinity. Crude, brutish, essentially inferior the race may have been; but the ability of the rare individual to rise above the law of the mere physical made it impossible for Christian nations longer to keep in slavery the manifestly human. No Emancipation Proclamation, however, has stricken the shackles of servility from the wrists of the poor. Strength of body and mind, the potency of health, too often the very aspirations of the soul are enslaved by employers who are willing to wring blood from human hearts that they may multiply their wretched dollars. Our vaunted liberty will remain a mockery until poverty ceases to deny the individual the right of physical health, of practical education, of the opportunity to develop his single or his ten talents. Civilization will continue to be a cloak for the exploitation of criminal selfishness so long as it can buy man's freedom to live his best.

Our bodies with their unnumbered calls for sensuous gratification, running the gamut from highest esthetic expression to the repelling comforts of the gutter, tend to bind man ever more securely with the chains of habit—silken threads only they seem at first, but how fatally they twist and twine and harden into links of steel. Through slavery

to physical desires many of the bluest blood have sunk out of the category of manhood. The mind, too, has its slaves, its cringing, moaning, pitiable victims—those who have failed to harmonize their mental lives with the laws of thought and feeling. The weird imaginings of fear, the vain imaginings of credulity, the murderous imaginings of hate, these and other common mental defects plunge sometimes the individual, often his family, now and then the community into a slavery of wasteful turmoil and feud. The soul itself may reduce its owner to wretched servitude, when the laws of its well-being are violated. An unappeased conscience, a morbid conscience, may fairly curse self, embittering and degrading its length of years through unremitting remorse.

The world cries for freedom, and human gore has saturated many lands in freedom's name. But for the individual himself, true freedom will never be tasted until personal rebellion against the divine laws of bodily, mental and soul health is lost in willing coöperation, until the fears bred in ignorance are lost in the faith that would save.

Freedom is independence of external influences and the only freedom worthy man's high estate is that which abides in the right choice between the worldly and the eternal. This choice is man's most solemn, it should be his most awful, reality. Deliberately or passively it is faced by every living soul—this final choice which stands for destiny. Which will it be—self-denial, self-sacrifice, suffering if need be for right's sake, or the call of the physical? To one who has wisely chosen, the

strength will come to proclaim the valiant "No" when desires would woo resolution into weakness, when the tremendous powers of temptation would tear away the last vestige of restraint. Stronger only and more perfectly free is he who can announce the "I will" which is unquestioned, the "I will" which stands for the unswerving purpose of tried and proven character.

The inspiring power of freedom is manifest when it faces disaster. In failure freedom knows no vain regrets, no miserable alibis nor mournful murmurings. Freedom falls to digging in the very soil of defeat to find the buried better self—for freedom is not concerned with what life has for me, but is intent on contributing what I have to life. Prosperity sets freedom to work even more actively—not hoarding, spending, wasting, but in beneficent giving. Prosperity brings its possessor more time to spare, that real needs may be sought, as well as the means to practically help the less fortunate. Illness—even the prospect of death, will never daunt the freed spirit, which feels as certain of the hereafter with its liberation from the limitations of the physical as of the dawning of to-morrow's morn. Freedom does not close its eyes to the light of truth, and truth demands goodness, and goodness exacts sacrifice of feelings, of ambitions, of the ingratiating lesser self.

Search for the highest law of our complex being will never be honestly made without some revelation of our best self, the self of the spirit, the self which has brought freedom to multitudes

through the ages. With such liberation we find love—the love which fulfills the great cosmic law of giving, the violation of which must stand for relentless failure; and joy, the radium of character, the element of life which adds zest and glad energy to every undertaking without itself losing an atom of its virtue. We find also peace, that product of harmony of soul, with truth; and faith, the ever-repeated miracle of the ideal leading the real. Finally, our liberty brings the blessing of temperance, which is the corner-stone of the science of sane living. "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, faith, temperance; against these there is no law." Freedom unalterable, undeniable, unmitigated awaits nearby for each of us—that eternal freedom of unqualified surrender to the supreme law of the spirit.

A nation prospered, isolated and protected from her strongest neighbors by a thousand leagues of sea; a nation which had maintained from its birth a policy of political independence; a nation at peace, into whose treasury was pouring the gold of a warring world; a nation which was certain of world supremacy if it but continued furnishing munitions with which foreign world-powers would destroy each other. Political, financial, physical freedom was never more certain. A few lives had been lost, a dozen ships sunk, not in all, the toll of a day's actual warfare. A century and a quarter before, this nation in its weakness was struggling against odds that seemed hopeless, when the spirit of a lover of freedom, the spirit of Lafayette, threw the weight of its influence and ability into

the fight for liberty. Nineteen-seventeen found France bleeding sorely and human liberty almost gasping for life. What spectacle has the world ever witnessed of the living presence of the spiritual in the heart of a great nation superior to that of comfortable, prosperous, independent, protected America turning every activity of her one hundred million peace-loving people into the savagery of war? What evidence more incontrovertible that freedom of the spirit is more to be desired than safety, ease and fine gold? Other ideals, as well as gratitude, led America into the Great War, but when did a people ever respond to a debt of sentiment, whose payment could never be exacted, with so unstinted a pouring forth of blood and treasure? When was the everlasting freedom of the spirit more vitally expressed than by General Pershing, as at the head of the first American troops to reach France he placed a wreath of tribute at the tomb of our great co-patriot with the words: "Lafayette, we are here!"

## CHAPTER XXII

### FAITH

*Now Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.*

What is ahead? From out the inscrutable future, with its unutterable possibilities, what visitation will be yours and mine? Inscrutable is our future, and as certainly it is inevitable; impending ever, yet always in the process of realization. Life's hidden plans make the days of the most simple and lowly an ever-promising possibility, even as they carry an hourly threat to the hand that wields the scepter. Who can look into his future, that yet unpeopled void, that vast uncharted sea, without sensing the menace of its threat, or thrilling with its promise? Who so untouched by the immortal spark that does not look with dread or hope beyond the span of time?

The instinct of faith in some form is so universal among men that its absence practically stamps one as essentially defective. The reign of the invisible harks back to the earliest records of human living. Worthy and saving, false and wrecking, it has attended every step man has taken upward or downward. The superstitions of the benighted would fill volumes. The heathen with

his idols, bowing down to wood and stone, the machinations of witches, the midnight graveyard parades of restless spirits, but initiate the long catalog of man's superstitious beliefs. Closely allied is the credulity of the ignorant, who through the ages have been victims of the unscrupulous through their susceptibility to the fantastic guesses of the astrologer, the fortune-teller, the clairvoyant. But education of high order has not in the least deprived man of his belief in the unseen. Because of his studies he considers his travels incomplete until he has visited the home at Stratford where his hero of genius was born. And the more he has studied Shakespeare, the deeper his reverence for the man, the more hallowed this birthplace. To him the very air he breathes while under its roof seems strangely mingled with a life so many years extinct. The immortal spirit of the immortal poet is to him an almost tangible presence, invisible but filling his life with a new respect, a new homage. The pilgrimage to Mt. Vernon is century-old, yet the tomb of Washington draws increasing numbers from increasing distances. What is the presence pervading that simple pile of bricks, those plain marble slabs, the inornate wrought-iron gates? Why do the voices of pleasure, of the affairs of corporations and nations, of ignorance and learning hush into whispers in that presence? Why do strong faces set themselves into stronger lines, why do sympathetic eyes flow full and why, after these decades, are quiet sobs still heard before the dust of one so long gone? Why indeed, unless the

heart of man believes that more than bricks and marble and iron are enduring. Faith is an instinct which in some form we all have, either an attracting, compelling, positive faith, or a robbing, losing, negative faith.

The spiritual instinct makes itself universally manifest through its never dying craving for the imperishable. Who, that has within his soul one worthy conception, but rebels at annihilation! Emptiness of soul, only, can look forward complacently to a future of nothingness. Is it not a pity that, in our methods of education, we are so chary in our references to the spiritual? Outside of the unusual home, the child is exceptionally blessed whose mind receives an hour weekly of training in wholesome, practical teachings which relate the kingdom of the invisible to each thought and act, which bind the studying and the chores, family and social relationships with the ever-present, but unhappily ignored eternal. Example and the personal influence which stimulates devotion are faith's most certain teachers; for while the capacity for faith is truly given us all, faith itself cannot be forced. Like love, it is the reason of the heart. It cannot be controlled by will for it is the judgment of the soul.

Who would not be increased in faith?—and yet it is a quality as capable of disintegrating character as it is of saving souls. There is a faith that fails; there is a faith that destroys. Much religious teaching has been in vain, yes, fraught with results which ultimately demoralized, because it taught a faith which ignored reason. Unreasoning zealots

have in all periods of religious history retarded the all-too-slowly advancing footsteps of true religion; zealots who teach a God of irresponsibility, a God of uncertainty, a God of irrationality; zealots who would destroy the spirit by the letter, who would close to a spiritually starving and thirsting world all ways to the source of life but their own. Reason is sight for mind and body, as faith is sight for the soul. Reason's "Thou shalt not" is just as divine as religion's. The faith which ignores reason is the faith without works, is the faith which dreams but does not produce, is the faith which finds its lamps untrimmed when the bridegroom comes.

Much of serious nervous suffering finds its expression in depression, miserable unhappiness of some form or in some subject. Manifestations of wretchedness haunt the spirit of many of the sick, and those who have been ill both in spirit and body claim that the sufferings of melancholia are not to be equaled. Impartially this dire disorder comes alike to the just and the unjust. One of the most far-reaching developments in the science of medicine during recent decades is found in its increased capacity to reach back of the disease and lay hold upon its cause. The accuracies of science to-day reveal that when the just man suffers the damnation of depression, he is paying the penalty of a faith which ignored reason. He has allowed some insidious, preventable infection to enter his blood, or far more probably by neglecting to maintain the balance between food and drink and work and play he has allowed his

self-made poisons to plunge him into a worldly perdition. There are those, however, in whom the cause of their unreasoning unhappiness is not to be found by laboratory methods. It is not toxic bodies, but a soul filled with emptiness which produces the most inveterate and incoercible melancholy.

But while faith can ignore reason at too often only a fatal cost, neither may reason safely ignore faith. The deeper the philosopher delves, the more certain he is of the limitations of human reason, the more tenaciously does he hold fast to the certainties of faith. The conflict between faith and reason comes to all who think, to all who intelligently feel—a conflict in which youthful knowledge, half-baked knowledge, conceited knowledge have all too often deposed the faith that would cheer, the faith that would go the whole way, the faith that would save. We can have, we should have faith with knowledge—but knowledge is not faith. There are scholarly brutes, who eat and drink and die, differing from the ox only in that they think. Theology would reason God into our lives, but reason can never bring God from out his Heavens. The wings of faith alone can carry us to Him.

We now approach the most serious of our faith defects, a defect which will ever be the price of low living and small thinking, a defect which has caused millions to suffer and mourn and turn away from the living God. Faith in the superficial is predestined to failure; faith in appearances, faith in the artificial, faith in error, faith in the

imagined, faith which does not lay hold upon the eternal. Whenever such faith is the soul's dependency, only wreckage can come in the wake of calamity. Faith of a generation goes up in the smoke of a fortune-destroying conflagration, is hopelessly submerged by ravaging floods, or congealed by destroying frosts. The good even as the evil are destined to suffer, and the faith which is not stronger than calamity and suffering is certain to be wiped away. Do we not see in this the Maker's interest in our soul's welfare? How supinely we grow in self-satisfaction and self-sufficiency, with their attending conceits, when success is ours and all goes well. How contented we become when our own plans go on year after year uninterrupted—for such living the faith is unnecessary that reaches deeper than success and higher than wealth. Then Calamity comes to offer a blessing which Eternity may not take away. It would turn our hearts from the passing strength of wilfulness to the lasting power of faith in the Everlasting. And so each catastrophe, humanly speaking, either distorts or enlarges faith, each dire trial of soul either obscures or the more clearly reveals those principles which change not. Again let us realize that the faith in the superficial is predestined to failure.

The Future reaches toward us with both her hands. One holds the cheer of hope, the other the menace of fear. Which proffered hand does your faith inspire you to take? All too many have grasped the hand which gives them only a fear-future. Millions utter fearsome prayers in be-

half of their self-neglected bodies, fearing the progress of the known disease, fearing even more the onset of the disease not yet come, fearing old age, loss of mind, the breaking of family ties, fearing above all a horrible eternity. There are a few like the agnostic, whose faith is as negative as that of the beast of burden. For them both, the future is "unknown."

As we have already seen, knowledge in increasing accuracy and power has been given us to utilize hourly for temporal well-being. He is neglecting his duty in living who does not, as far as he is capable, know the known, but forever man will face an unknown and, without faith in a saving Unseen, his unknowable must remain either a void of emptiness or a hellish confusion. More and more of life will become mathematically certain as knowledge broadens and becomes more universal, but none of the certainties is more inevitable than life's uncertainty. It is here that faith will ever be a lamp unto our feet, having which multitudes have lived and died untouched by any harshness, any agony of passing, any terror of the bourn unknown. Faith is like that mysterious quality of the seed which, when buried and apparently destroyed, produces leaf and plant and flower and fruit of its kind. It is through wholesome faith that our lives are constantly gathering more and more of the strength which makes fruitful, or through ill faith that we grow but barrenness. As we look out upon the sea of humanity, as we look deeply into the faces of one and another, we are astonished at the different uses men and

women are making of life. Turn a modern ocean liner over to a menagerie of animals and they would make of it a mere rookery. A tribe of savages would be delighted with it as a plaything, but as each one bore away this or that shining or novel part, the magnificent creation would soon become little more than a junk heap. But to the captain, who knows its every worth and power, it is a living thing, responsive through the years to his every wish, capable of coursing unswervingly across the tumultuous deep, absolutely ignoring the assaults of wind and wave, yet able to slip against its quay as gently as a swan against the bank. What does my faith let me do with my soul? Is it a mere rookery for animal desires, do I use its magnificent equipment as tawdry junk, making it a cheap plaything, or does faith lead me to use its tremendous power to carry me across life's seas, superior to calm or storm, and enable me to make my final landing as gently and as beautifully as the falling of sleep? Nobly or ignobly, you and I will continue to meet life, led ever upward or downward by the quality of our faith.

The world's religions have been at one in asserting our need of faith in God, but at what an unhappy variance they have been as to the character of that God! To some it is a God of law, order and power, the so-called God of Nature. The God of the Bible demands a belief in man's spiritual being. The God of the Bible is the God of wisdom, the God of love, the God of forgiveness. But the abstract God has always failed to satisfy, and

man has constantly been seeking for a personal God, and so Allah has his inspired Prophet, and the Jew his expected Messiah, while the Christ of the Christian has been a saving faith in many generations. The beautiful goodness of his mother has stood for many a boy's conception of the height of Divinity. The Chinese are not alone in ancestor worship, for faith in the divinity of loved ones who have gone before is as common as life.

To one who has bound constructive faith to his brow, the future is ever promising and growing more eloquent with a greater fulness of living. To such a one the conception of permanent injustice is unthinkable. Only through faith, which is life with a vision, do we attain the personal philosophy which is footsure on the Rock of Ages. The menace of the future cannot long withstand that practical use of faith which in every work of life is hourly seeking the better. If we bring to each of our to-days the faith to make one small step upward, the inspiration of the promising future will soon grip us with a certainty just as impelling as that of the old wretched fear-future; the upward tug of right faith will certify to the soul that "The best is yet to be." Ever believing in the better than self, will draw that "better part" to self.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### RIGHTEOUSNESS

*For the Kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink but righteousness.*

We have been told that we are the children of God, but it falls out that this heirship shall not come to us full born—a sudden possession—but shall be a gradual becoming, an heirship which shall be proven. We find ourselves in the midst of a transient life and to such a life we give most of our thought and attention—for all too many of us are living not as sons and daughters of God, but as well-fed, comfortable animals. And this is very natural. Our physical selves are here today because we have responded a thousand times to the deepset instinct of physical self-preservation, because our ancestors 'way down the line have done the same. You and I have our being because some great-great forebear cracked his murderous antagonist's cranium with a convenient cobble, or with sure fingers strangled out his life's breath. The instinct of self-preservation is more deeply set and more clearly revealed to the majority than our divine heritage, which for many proves a slow, painful process of evolution.

The instinct of hunger is probably the most persistently assertive of the elements which go to ful-

fil the great law of personal preservation, and most obviously do many of its expressions reveal the mere animal in man. It is unnecessary for us to visit the menagerie or the sty to see absolute selfishness expressed by many in various efforts to satisfy their appetites. This is not limited to mere crudity of feeding. Niceties of refinement take the edge and corners from much that is coarse, but the epicure in his delicate way, with his fine sense of artistic eating, is just as insistent on having his fill of fine foods as the gormand. There is culture which differs only in artifice of expression from frank crudeness. One hardly beholds an ennobling vision when he visits a public eating-place and observes his neighbor satisfying his primal instinct of hunger. An aggressive elbowing for a well-placed table, an impatient insistence for the waiter's attention, a rapid fire of criticism of the menu, a restless waiting the meal's preparation, a thankless beginning, a hurried, indiscriminate emptying of dishes—thus multitudes spend their meal hours, spend ten per cent. of their waking hours, spend from three to four years of their working lives. Three to four years of this vital business of living surrendered to mere impatience and self-gratification!

The instinct of personal comfort is closely allied to self-preservation. Each man has a certain limit of strength. Such a load and no more can he carry. Beyond this point the increase of his burden results in damage. We know that work is strengthening, developing, that it is truly right-

eous; and we know that it is given each to push his margins of productiveness ever further and further beyond mere useless existence. To protect us from hurtful abuse, Nature has given us discomfort as a warning—an early warning for the fragile child, a later warning for developing youth, a rare warning for wholesome maturity with its ready strength, with its earned and ever available reserve. But the civilized majority know not the strength nor the reserve. Their ears are keen to the voice which bids them seek enervating safety and comfort. We recall the thinly disguised selfishness of the after-supper scene in "The Third Floor Back." The boarding-home parlor offered but one armchair—the strongest boarder got it first. How unfortunately illustrative of our crowding for the comfortable best in public and even in many homes. The rush which we often see, that the mere senses may be gratified, is a peculiar expression of the law of self-preservation which does not reveal much sonship of the Most High. How prone we are to put the irksome upon some other one, to get the lighter end of daily household duties, to make a minor ache or a harmless weariness excuse for side-stepping our bedtime intensive calisthenics, the unbroken allegiance to which is the average man's only certain protection from the weariness of weakness and the headaches and backaches of muscular disuse. Ability of some sort is given each of us, and when we find for our God-given qualities no higher use than successful eating, drinking and the securing of ease, we are indeed conquered by our senses.

A home nestled cozily among the hills of central Ohio, surrounded by many productive acres, a home in which the Bible was read regularly each morning, and from which, through the years, the entire family drove religiously through sunshine, wind or snow to Sunday services. Grace before each meal was an unremitted custom in this home where the casual visitor would think "here is peace, here is love, here is the perfect simple life." The father was a quiet man, who, when you knew him well, you would find invariably had his own way. The hired help, his children, his wife never crossed his will the second time. A poor boy, he had succeeded in all his ambitions, and at fifty-eight he was in more than comfortable circumstances. He had made his thousands—an honest, industrious, up-to-date farmer, physically powerful. One morning he awoke and his left hand would not move, his left leg would not move —in fact, his entire left side was "out of business." Suddenly this man of activity, this man of unchallenged will, was a paralytic. The history of the next ten years of the life of that family will never be chronicled. The Great Day, only, could reveal the details of the suffering through which devoted wife and daughter passed. This wilful man's religion seemed to go like tissue-paper before a bullet and his selfishness exacted an ever-increasing attention. He demanded the presence of at least one member of the family in constant service night and day. That household of near-peace became a home of fear, for not only were his words hot and his anger instant, but the home

which had never heard vile language became a house of cursing. His every thought centered around the gratification of his senses. You will say, "But this was just an expression of his disease." Let us hope so—then what a blessing had a teaspoonful more blood filtered into that brain and put out life when the stroke first came, that he might have been buried with the respect of all! Some who knew him recognized, however, that those ten wretched, bed-ridden years but expressed what the man always would have been, had his will been crossed. He had been a religious man —he never was a righteous man. "For the Kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink." When we uncover this man's nature, we recognize that it was meat, drink and the comforts of life which he demanded, and which he continued to demand until his soul was called for.

The other man started early with his "toddies." He, too, was powerful physically, with no possible need for the stimulant's false strength. At forty-five it took a quart of whisky a day to keep him decently speakable. Also in the rational course of events his arteries had hardened so that a vessel in his throat ruptured, from which he had a rather sharp hemorrhage. His physician recognized that the heart must be quieted and the blood pressure lowered if he was to be rescued. Saving heart sedatives were administered and the order was given that his hourly drink be quartered. In a few hours the hemorrhage stopped, he was better for a day. He then began demanding more

whisky. His wife reasoned and plead, "The doctor says you must not have so much, it is not quite time yet—just wait a half-hour longer." "Damn you, give me that whisky," he railed. He got his whisky—he got his fill, and he died cursing his wife, cursing his doctor, cursing his Maker—cursing, that his body might be comfortable.

Paul says that the Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness—and righteousness is but the right way to Eternal Life. Have we instincts for soul-preservation? Does not the day come to all, who are not inherently defective when the moral sense awakens—that moral sense through which we distinguish right from wrong in thought or act? But will moral sense save the soul? I take it, no. In a vague way have not our animal friends the capacity for primitive moral distinctions? Is not the realization of evil frequently as strong in the criminal as in his Judge? Something must be added to the mere discriminating sense of good from evil. To those who listen will come the voice of the Spirit, which is a moving desire ever to think the right, ever to live the right. This revelation of the spiritual does not come to all. Those who are content with the program of eating, drinking and merrymaking, with no desire above the comforts of living and the physical, financial and social successes of their day, will never have the impulsion of right first. But when that power becomes the guide of conscience, the spiritual has been born, because right is eternal. For him who listens and follows

this saving instinct of the spirit there is a conviction of an expanding future, unlimited by any possible heritage of the physical.

The spiritual has been manifested through many more generations than is usually realized. Interesting translations from the earliest Egyptian inscriptions tell of the princess who begged to give her life that she might help her people. The Persian cult of Mithros, centuries before our era, taught baptism as cleansing for sin, communion, with bread and wine, as tokens of the Divine; taught immortality of the spirit, and its followers lived lives of denial for their souls' sake. The Greek God of Music, the God of Harmony, was a protecting Deity, and in China, India and even primitive America there were religions which stood for a belief in the Eternal Life, a belief that there was something more than physical eating, drinking and comfort-finding. William Penn dealt with the Indians more successfully than regiments of soldiers because he was the soul of fair-dealing—that fair-dealing which stood, even to the crude red-man, for a righteousness which they could love and reverence.

There was another paralytic. She was a poor woman who could not speak English well, even her beloved Bible she read but haltingly—a widow with two boys, for whom she toiled and saved. But in face of the years of her unselfishness, these sons went the way of small town influences in the Texas of a generation ago. At sixty her stroke came, and she was dependent on the neighbors, who took turns visiting her. She had nothing but

her three-room cabin, and the Ladies' Aid Society collected funds for a wheel-chair and to keep a negro woman with her. It was no task to solicit for the good old soul. If you had known her and felt the benediction of her "God bless you!," if you could have heard her tell her gratitude, if you could have felt the inspiration of her faith in the Father, if you could have known her perfect charity of thought and expression and seen her eagerness to point out the way of the life, which to her was so glorious, no contribution you could have made which did not stand for denial would have seemed adequate. You would have been glad to have visited and ministered. There was an old-time revival meeting. The ministers had fasted and prayed and labored—but something was lacking. The hearts of those for whom they were pleading did not soften. Somebody said "Bring Mother E——," and she was brought, and wheeled up to the altar. She began praying in her ridiculous English, she poured out her soul for her neighbors. Had you been in that meeting, you could never have doubted that the Spirit of The Eternal was in the midst. Strong men, women who had lived thoughtlessly, crowded to find a kneeling place about that altar. One of the most notorious gamblers of the region, an over six-foot giant, a three-times murderer, was the first to ask for personal prayers. The memories of that revival have outlived its generation. The spirit of this paralytic woman was of righteousness, rich in what art could not give. She was just a straightforward soul who had lived her sim-

ple life each day the very best she knew, and this is righteousness.

The right way does not stop short—it does not end at a sudden cliff on the banks of the Dark River. A truly righteous man was ill. There was little suffering, and life held much for him to make welcome continued years. He did not realize how close the end till his physician took his hand and told him that the medicine about to be given was the last. "So soon?" he gently queried. "Wait a few moments, doctor; I wish to speak with my son." There were a few minutes of whispered conference, then, gently smiling, unperturbed, he said, "Doctor, I am ready." And these were his last words—the last words of a righteous man. Suddenly facing his last hour, he was ready as he had been for many years, ready, not for meat and drink, craving not a final comfort, but ready for the Everlasting.

Rightwayness is the key-thought for righteousness. Whosoever earnestly follows truth in any of its aspects toward its Source is living righteously. Ignorance, crudeness, coarseness cannot defeat the ultimate progress of him who continues on even one of the remote upward paths which lead to the Highway of Truth. Far-a-way indeed he may be—he is on the right path. Religion and righteousness are frequently confused. Religion is an outward expression; righteousness an inward force. Religion exacts observance of the letter of the law; righteousness is the orthodoxy of the soul. It is not creed nor doctrine, not the religion which excludes, but the righteousness

which pervades one's relations with reality that develops character. Righteousness is inclusive, it seeks to save the good in every man, it is the fulness of our patience and sympathy, it is the capacity we have developed for service and self-sacrifice. The measure of our righteousness will ever be fixed in our attitude toward our fellow-man.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### SERENITY

*Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.*

The Maker has planted deep in each human breast a craving for happiness which follows him from the cradle to the grave. All classes and conditions and ages of mankind have sought this goal considered the fundamental object of existence. To-day we and our neighbors are busy, active, eager, impatient in its search. And it would seem that each one in the journey of life is trying some new path to this haven. The dazzling Great White Way is thronged winter and summer with searchers for happiness. The palatial resorts dotting seashore and mountain-side cannot accommodate them. Night after night the scientist toils in his laboratory, the scholar delves into his books, the poet dreams and agonizes, that in the end happiness may be found. Most of the children of men are seeking that happiness which pleases the eye or caresses the hand or satisfies the lips. Youth is a time in which physical pleasures fairly throng experience, each one bringing its new thrill, even as Springtime is redolent with the fragrance of new things. And youth has so much

opportunity, unmeshed as it is by responsibility! Has it been intended that in the early days of life the children of men should drink deep of the physical and thus early learn the taste of the bitter dregs at the bottom of this cup? Even so, far too many slip into maturity clenching more and more tightly the things of the physical. Out of life's infinite possibilities of ideals they grasp only the fallacy that happiness is bound up in the possession of power without effort. Thus material wealth is sought as the very end of existence, that the comforts of ease, the luxury of an early retirement, may be won. From this ideal has developed that menace to social order and stability, that menace to the highest conceptions of civilization—the classes of special privilege.

With all the joy places occupied by a pleasure-mad youth, and financial and social, artistic and political centers fairly swarming with elbowing, self-seeking hordes, a great and far-reaching unrest has been humanity's chief dividend in this age of unprecedented ease and wealth. This unrest has been the basic defect in civilization's development which made possible the breaking forth of the world's most vast and devastating war in the midst of her most perfect material prosperity.

But others seek happiness in the Unseen. Early in humanity's history law was invoked that man's relations to man might be so regulated as to increase mutual happiness. To-day there are laws and laws, but the very keenness of law-makers has too often defeated the end intended. A great gulf exists between man-made laws and man-found

laws. The child of ignorance given power can frame a law to which weakness must bend the knee. The child of ignorance can only make, never discover law. True law is rarely revealed save to him whose unselfish sacrifice has made possible intelligent, depersonalized effort. For centuries humanity was thrown into periodic panic, cities were deserted, shipping and traffic abandoned, and the strictest quarantine laws enacted to bar the progress of dread Yellow Fever. Yet the legions of man-made laws were impotent to stay his grim-visaged advance. But science with her microscope, her eternal threshing of wheat and winnowing of chaff—with the unflinching, unquestioning personal disregard of her workers for even their own lives—uncovered the law underlying the transmission of this disease, and in a day the great, complex machinery of quarantine with its demoralization of business and industries, and the heart-searching dread which robbed life in the tropics of any sense of security, were obliterated. Thus when man discovered one law, his volumes of self-made laws became only waste paper.

Philosophy seeks to show man his relation to truth, and in its ample courts many of the world's great have sought the boon of happiness. It cannot be gainsaid that the one who diligently seeks to associate each principle of his life's conduct with truth must find a better road than he who wanders aimlessly through his lapse of years. But philosophies, like laws, may be true or false. Centuries ago Plato wrote seriously and fervently of the certain existence of the human soul. Since

his time many philosophers have arisen insisting that the cold abstractions of truth made impossible the acceptance of such a conclusion; and for years materialism under such relentless leaders as Kant and Nietzsche has kept the believers in the Unseen on a most constructive defensive. But even as materalism denied the metaphysical, we now wrestle with Eddyism which, with equal fervor and multiplied adherents, denies the Seen. And after all the efforts of philosophers, ancient and modern, who can point to-day to a philosophy which insures human happiness?

Associated with man's instinctive search for happiness has been his inherent sense of worship. Unquestionably the great majority of those who have sought happiness in the Unseen have turned to religion as the surest path. Religion seeks to point out man's relation to God. Law would dictate man's right relations to man. Philosophy would decide man's conception of right. If the student is perplexed by the entanglement of different schools of philosophy, he becomes utterly bewildered when he attempts to ravel the snarl-tangle of man's variegated religions. What attribute of man has not found an expression in his religious nature? Religions of indulgence, religions of cruelty, religions of self-exaltation, of self-abasement, religions of hate, of love, of high-walled exclusiveness, and religions of world-broad charity—each and all the only and the true religion! Man has ever sought happiness through worship. But many millions have slavishly trod the path of religion as though it were but a Via

Dolorosa. Abject and fearsome, facing the sod, they have not known the ever-spreading canopy of the heavens above. A religion which makes for sadness and sorrow and self-abasement carries in its very effect the undeniable mark of falseness. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

In these prosperous days we see so much of the tinsel and cheap glitter of conceit that it is refreshing to find one who is sufficiently sane and honest to express a deserved self-condemnation. But there is much self-condemnation which is as detrimental to progress as the ball and chain attached to the ankles of the criminal. Almost every family has its ugly duckling who in an atmosphere of constant reminder of her lack of physical charm, comes to consider that beauty of face and form constitutes the only desirable asset in life, and impotently resentful of fate, surrenders to that easier impulse which allows her character to become as unattractive as her features. And what a wretched failure to make in this life of inexhaustible possibilities for beauty! Who turns to physical beauty for counsel in illness or for help in time of need? Is it the lines of beauty in Mother's face that linger through a life time of memories, or the lines of love? Possibly even more dangerous than being an ugly duckling is the handicap of near-beauty. "Now if it were not for her nose!" And thereby hangs a tale of years of anguish! Had she been "plumb plain," she would have amounted to something, but the flaw of the nose was her Nemesis. How tragically Haw-

thorne portrays the fate of false emphasis upon physical beauty! A physician of subtle power had spent years in the laboratory delving into Nature's close-kept secrets. Fame came to him. He married a most beautiful woman, beautiful save for the added blush of a birthmark on her cheek. As the days went, the husband found himself wishing that this slight flaw, the only hint of imperfection, might be obliterated. The desire grew and became a menace to his happiness. The shadowy fault seemed to spread and threatened to obscure his vision to all the wondrous beauty and charm otherwise so perfect. Desire became obsession, and he sought his laboratory to wring from Nature another truth to satisfy his near-sighted and dominating want. He told his wife of his unhappiness and of the treatment he wished to give that the spot might fade. His unhappiness was hers, and in the face of her instinctive conviction that this mark was rooted in the very depth of her life, she took the potion. She slipped into insensibility and her husband sat and watched the ebb and flow of color in her cheek. As the fateful mark slowly faded, the exultation of triumph burst forth! He clasped her to his bosom—his now perfect wife!—a corpse! What fatal blunders have we all made when we allowed the incidental to separate us from the understanding of the fundamental—as all physical defects must be when compared with that which is everlasting.

Our early days may have been passed where advantages were meager, where the work of even young hands was needed for family maintenance,

and we find ourselves to-day handicapped—lacking in education. Or it may be that in spite of advantages we are slow of mind, we are awkward or ponderous in conversation and lack every element of social brilliancy. Shall we therefore scatter our possessions in recklessness, or congeal our natures into repelling hardness, or, because the thoughtless laugh at us, grow vindictive and spiteful? If self-condemnation permits any of these false adjustments to our lack of mental aptness, such condemnation but assures shameful defeat. The salt of the earth have often been men and women lacking highest educational advantages, slow of wit, but sound as granite in all that stood for right, and kind to the core in time of need.

We condemn our lives as defective because we have had no intensive, soul-searching, heaven-revealing experience. Thousands avoid any claim of religious worth because they have not been elevated into Christian happiness by some explosive experience which fairly shot them to glory. Are they not refusing to recognize that the man who reached New York afoot is just as truly there, and with a more certain knowledge of the way than he who has rushed into the Metropolis on the Twentieth Century Limited? Or perhaps much which should abide close and sacred in our daily life is dropped when the weeks pass and we fail to find the thrills of what we are wont to call religious inspiration, making the "I don't feel right" a weak and illogical excuse for "I won't do right." Usually, instead of condemning our religious emotions, we should investigate our diet and the con-

dition of our livers. There is condemnation as worthy and constructive as any influence may be, and such is the condemnation of an unwholesome body. Let us never forget that self-indulgent ease in this decade invites disgraceful disease in the next. We avoid the dentist and court the doctor. We dodge the doctor and meet the undertaker.

One's lot can never be the lot of another. Few we meet but possess some thing or quality which we lack, craving which the mind of many is as a restless, discontented sea. Peace and calm and serenity will never be found by such, nor by those whose energies are spent in picking out and noting their faults. Condemn in yourself viciously the fault-accepting mind. Your friend, your neighbor, your enemy, have virtues which it will help you to know and bless you to emulate.

As we have been searching here, there and yonder, that we might discover that perfection of happiness which can be called serenity, have we not realized that when we make the quest of happiness a motive, when that quest becomes the directing force of our life's efforts, we fail, even as did Sir Launfal when he sought through many lands for the Holy Grail. Serenity will ever be a consequence, unconsciously evolved from our methods of doing, never an objective to be attained through struggle.

The unthinking, the restless, and the impatient will sneer at the serene self as though such a one were merely a resistless, submissive child of fate. They are but confusing serenity with inertia. Inertia is the rotting piece of driftwood floating slug-

gishly, uselessly, down the River of Life. Serenity is the water-bird which floats at will on the bosom of the sea or rises above the storm-cloud through faith in its God-given powers—that faith which, in mankind, has outlived the calamities of the ages; that faith which has steeled the hearts of the million mothers as their sons went forth to die that the rights of man might be preserved; that faith which wrought for loyalty and unswerving courage on a thousand battle fronts.

Would we know happiness, then too must we find the love which ever seeketh the best; only in the heart filled with such love can the serene self abide.

## CHAPTER XXV

### WHOLE LIVING

*Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word . . . of God.*

The well-rounded personality is rare. The ease with which we all find faults evidences the commonness of human fractions. So exceptional is unity of character that in considering those we know, our estimate will pause at one, perchance two or three among them all, who are living the fulness of life.

Physical fractions are seen everywhere. We pass on the street the pinched, starved faces of want, more often the pinched, sallow faces of food self-poisoning, with a sprinkling of florid, phlegmatic, waddling products of over-eating—the starved, the wrongly fed, the over-fed. We pass an army of the flat-chested, those who never take a lung-filling, soul-helping chestfull of God's pure air; and at their sides are the stoop-shouldered, wilted-spine chair-loungers who use each seat as though it were a hammock and chronically crowd their vitals into a hodge-podge which defies the surgeon's skill to untangle. With more pity we note the blind, those whose windows are darkened for life, yet unsentimental Science asserts that seventy per cent. of these innocent victims grope

through life because of the violation of laws of physical and moral cleanliness. In helpless pity we note the growing ranks of the halt and crippled, products of infantile paralysis. Science can point only the cause; to-morrow she will find methods to ward off this blight, so heartless in its destruction of youth, even as she has effaced disfiguring smallpox and death-breeding typhoid.

Mental fractions are still more common. For ages mankind was ignorant because knowledge had not been found; for centuries the masses were ignorant—they were given no chance to gain knowledge. To-day, in a world of schools, libraries and publications, ignorance is usually the brand of indolence. Ignorance must grow more and more relative as the mass of knowledge increases, but the rounded mind will transform facts into principles and thus encompass the fulness of knowledge. Prejudice stands between many minds and a fuller vision of truth. Indolence, again, begging avoidance of effort, Conceit satisfied with cheap accomplishment, Obstinacy which prefers standing to climbing, are counsellors of Prejudice; Emotionalism, the submergence of the reasoning by the feeling life, will rob any nature of its absolute sanity, even as Willessness will honeycomb productive efficiency.

To speak of moral fractions is to enter a maze. Who shall say that this one is right and that one wrong, that this one is morally defective or that one morally perfect? Who shall say? Who does not say? Every work suffers from careless, thoughtless, happy-go-lucky workers, who avoid

any strong stand, who make no effort to better what they touch, who fritter away their days, leaving no contribution worthy the name, leaving only a wastage of years. Outnumbering the careless are the selfish, those who even through the success of accomplishment create want and bitterness and whose lives go to the shattering of faiths. A few of the fractions must be counted vicious, unfortunates who openly or covertly stand for destruction, those from whom society must be defended, those whom law and order must deprive of their liberty, which to them is but a license to do damage. Physically, mentally, morally, whoever is willing to live below his best capacity of expression is content to accept for himself an unwholesome level, is failing to find wholeness of existence. The saving knowledge has not yet come to these that life is a business to be learned here that it may be used hereafter.

Thou shalt not live by bread alone. Bread, food, is life's first thought and, with rare exceptions produced by certain diseases, is pleasure's last desire. All other pleasures may wear out, but the pleasures of the palate remain keen even in the depths of years. But "bread" as here used stands for all gripping desires of the senses—those powerful factors in breeding man's lust for self-indulgence. Tomes have been penned condemning these very senses and religion has too often erred in trying to combat self-indulgence by degrading the body. Too long there has been an undercurrent of religious teaching that the physical should be neglected, that only through con-

stant effort to put the body underfoot could the spirit rise. And where one follower after these teachings has wretchedly succeeded, thousands have gloriously failed. It is a road to glory, but a most rocky and ungodlike one; the body is given to use, for, as we have before seen, the logical conclusion of bodily abuse would be a certain disappearance of souls.

Truly do we need a religion which brings some sense of horror at the sins of physical neglect. Man needs a physical conscience if he is to attain whole living. He must realize, in life's great unity, he as truly transgresses by breaking the physical as the moral law, that misuse of the body, so far from being religious, stands only for unholiness. We may easily illustrate this principle. Nine-tenths of sufferers from the blues, chronic depression, near-melancholia, show a lung capacity of from fifty to seventy per cent. below that of the athlete, oxygen-providing space one-half, even two-thirds less than they could have developed through correct physical habits. How rarely one sees a man with deep, full chest, erect head and squared shoulders, daubing life in gray-blue tones, the color habitually used by those whose hollow chests invite tuberculosis, and whose sagging mouth corners can only with wasteful effort be provoked into smiles. There is a righteousness of pure air which, forced into the veins of many of the unhappy, would burn out their joy-killing toxins even as flooding sunlight purifies the noisome pestilence. Yet man is gregarious and huddles and crowds into inadequate quarters, and

social unrest breeds in the choke of the factories, physical and mental infections thrive in the stifle of the tenements, while the bulk of the country's crime emanates from sewage of the slums. Our breathing sins are mortal sins.

There is a righteousness at the family table not in the least remote from that at the Lord's table. Ten thousand families are hourly asking God's blessing upon a conglomeration of food abominations which, through their certain decomposition within, can make of the body at best but a whited sepulchre. That man shall not live by prayer alone, is annually proven by the hundreds of thousands who turn their faces to the wall and invoke no more the impossible. The death certificates say, hardening of the arteries, apoplexy, cirrhosis of the liver, Bright's disease, cardio-vascular disease and on down through the fatal list. Truth says, a broken law of righteous eating, a broken law of the vital food-exercise balance. The law of sane eating is a sacred law. Let us not mistake this teaching—nothing herein implies that the physical should receive nine-tenths of our available time and energy. When physical soundness is attained, a high plane of health may be indefinitely maintained through a comparatively small expenditure of wisely directed time and effort.

To achieve mental wholeness is to respond to more exacting demands. We start, recipients, and as we develop, the selfish pleasures of the mind are prone to multiply, for the mind naturally seeks its own, and we take-in just as the husbandman of old filled his barns until they could hold no

more; then, indifferent to his neighbor's hunger, he tore them down and built him greater. We must have a care that ambition does not lead us into the selfish acquiring of knowledge. We are not infrequently startled, upon intimate intercourse with those who stand high in the intellectual world, to realize how few of the amenities, of the graces of life, how little of the spirit of consideration and generosity they have gained in the midst of their learning. Thou shalt not live for self alone, is the insistence of the world's greatest teachers. The mind is a most fertile garden-spot in which the weeds would choke the roses. Daily attention to the sprouting, budding things therein is exacted of the gardener. Accurate thinking thus calls for an hourly weeding and is attained only through years of painstaking care. Resolute exactness of expression does rob us of many ornaments of speech, does reduce much that we relate for attention's sake to the plainly prosaic, but exaggeration and distortion certainly grow rankly and in the end destroy the garden's fruitfulness and beauty. In our thought life, the tendency to error is most universal. The compass needle points in 360 directions, but one way, only, is due east. The temptations to modify truth crowd into each hour, to add here a little and there a little—multiplying, subtracting, dividing facts for effect. If we would but realize the power each newly appropriated truth adds to character, we should have learned the lesson which would hold us true to a determination to master accuracy of thought.

As we look into the intricacies of the mind we can but recognize that an even more common defect is emotional discord. Much of the world's woe grows out of our failure to maintain a wholesome emotional response to the successes and failures that are constantly affecting our emotional weather. The details of humanity's emotional weaknesses and defects have no end. The variegated tales of woe, the sentimental sadnesses of the self-pitying, maudlin suffering of the morbid, the curtness, the discourtesy, the crudeness of the emotionally coarse—these and countless other expressions of emotional discord greet us constantly. As a result, the majority are putting happiness away, ignoring it, postponing it, failing to recognize it, when for all, there is good in the present. Our feeling life is the most easily sickened, is the most sensitive to the infections of look or word or deed or tragedy. Harmony can only come through deepening the wholesomeness and sweetness of our emotional natures.

Finally, the rounding out of our mental powers demands unselfish willing. Few have not known selfish wilfulness, but that vital factor without which good resolutions are but friable can only be developed by a daily surmounting of difficulties. Life's victory is within our grasp when we have acquired the faculty of enjoying productive effort. Herein abides the greatest help to harmony of feeling, for with the power of productiveness comes an augmentation of all powers of enjoyment, including that which makes joy in the using greater than the satisfaction in the mere having.

Do we not glimpse the vision of unity? Do we not see that there can be no wholeness which does not relate us to all work, to all thought, and, above all, to our kind? Is not such a vision the essence of holiness, which is but an ecclesiastical term for soul-wholeness? Can we conceive that man's soul has not looked up through all the ages? Has it not ever spoken through his faith in the perfect? Has this faith not been reflected in his ideals, his art, his laws, his philosophies, his religions? Have not those bearing the title of manhood and womanhood struggled for some expression of perfection? Have they not made the highest possible use of their gifts, even though the gifts themselves seemed mediocre? Has not this very struggle for perfection enriched all of life's valuations? The holiness of self has never been attained save through those efforts which lead toward wholeness of living. Man shall live by every word of God, which translated reads, every word of Truth. Let us not forget that gravitation and inspiration are alike divine. Equally so are the righteous laws of wise eating, of deep and pure breathing, of daily exercise honest and regular, the laws of the mind which command clearness and accuracy of thought, truthfulness and beauty of feeling.

But how unholy would be our wholeness, were we satisfied to give obedience only to laws of body and mind, ignoring, denying, rebellious to those promptings which would lead us to the laws of the everlasting spirit. What is man that he should turn from the most beneficent of all his privileges, those which insure the most perfect success in the

life of to-day, those which hold out the only promise of life to-morrow. The spirit brings hope from out the unseen, a leading which never commands or demands but which, when followed, never fails to strengthen the fainting self with rich pledges of growth and undying progress. To him who believes, faith reaches unfailing arms from out the invisible, bearing reality from the Great Beyond, a reality which when known becomes more certain to the soul than bread to the flesh.

Truth in the heart of man quickened by hope and faith must lead him to reverence, the heart of worship. For a few, abstract truth may prove a satisfying deity; others adore a God too great for any human conception, too all-wise, too omnipotent. But in most men and women, the spirit of worship seeks and is content only when it finds a personal God, a being who knows because he has felt the burdens of human temptation and suffering, the joys of having, the woe of losing, who has sounded the depths and attained the heights of man's experience, and who in uttermost giving has risen victorious from the abyss of anguish and humiliation. What words can reveal the power of such worship to transfigure the foreordained failure of body and mind by bringing to the soul its surety of immortality, its peace which passeth all understanding!

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